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THE REBELLION IN CUBA—A CHARGE OF INSURGENT CAVALRY ARMED WITH MACHETES.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 127.]

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CONTENTS, NO. 2042.

THE REBELLION IN CUBA. A Charge of Insurgent Cavalry armed with Machetes.
EDITORIALS.
HENRY YATES SATTERLEE, Bishop-elect of Washington. With Portrait.
HON. THEODORE RUNYON. The First American Ambassador in Berlin. With Portrait. Poultney Bigelow.
FREDERICK FRALEY. Re-elected President National Board of Trade. With Portrait.
ENGLAND'S TORPEDO-BOATS. Illustrated.
DOCKING THE "INDIANA." Ill'd.
THE GROUNDING OF THE American Liner "St. Paul." Ill'd.
LIFE AND LETTERS. W. D. Howells.
"THIRST." Ill'd. Owen Wister.
THE GRAY MAN. Sixth Instalment. Serial Story. Illustrated. S. R. Crockett.
POISON IN THE CIVIL SERVICE. Julian Ralph.
LORD LEIGHTON. With Portrait.
THE TROUBLES IN ARMENIA. A Party of Armed Kurds Escorting a Wounded Armenian Prisoner through a Mountain Pass. Edwin Lord Weeks.
THE LITERARY GOSSIP. Poem.
SIR WALTER BESANT'S Proposed Anglo-American Institute.
THE LOSS OF THE "PRESIDENT." Illustrated. James Barnes.
MACMONNIES' STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE. Ill'd. Arthur Hoeber.
THIS BUSY WORLD. E. S. Martin and Others.
UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER No. 3. Illustrated.
AMATEUR SPORT. Game Laws and Game of America. Part II. Stoddard Goodhue.

THE REPUBLICAN SITUATION.

THE Republican enrolment in the city of New York recently effected under the leadership of Mr. LAUTERBACH, Boss PLATT's lieutenant, was a self-evident, audacious, and shameless fraud. The manner in which the attempt made by citizens of high character to expose that fraud and to protest against it was silenced in the Republican County Committee, insolently defied all sense of decency. And the proceeding has been defended by Mr. PLATT himself with unexampled effrontery. The community contemplates the whole spectacle with blank wonder and amazement. Tammany Hall had in the days of its greatest recklessness never done anything more brazenly regardless of appearances. And the question forces itself upon every candid mind, what will the men who seek to acquire power by such means do, or rather what will they not be capable of doing, with the power so acquired? Nothing could be more certain than that if this so-called regular organization remains in control of the Republican party of New York city, the inevitable result will be the creation of a Republican Tammany as a fixed institution to work hand in hand with the Democratic Tammany in robbing the community and in bringing government by blackmail to its completest development.

The second question suggested by this exploit of the PLATT machine is whether the leaders of that machine think that, whatever outrage or insult they may offer to the decent members of the Republican party in the city, there will never be any revolt of the so-called "better element" serious enough to produce lasting results. It must be admitted that Boss PLATT and his henchmen have so far had much reason for thinking so. Just so long as such a revolt is liable to end in "standing by the party" under any circumstances, Mr. PLATT may snap his fingers at it. It may give him some temporary annoyance, but he will feel assured that his well organized and drilled machine will overcome it in the long-run. And there is another point which the "better element" in the Republican party should take well to heart. It is that a revolt against the PLATT machine will finally come to nothing if it remain confined to New York city. In this respect Boss PLATT is stronger than Tammany ever was. The root of Tammany's power is in the city. When it loses its hold upon the city, it loses its influence in the State. To defeat it as to its power in the State, it suffices to defeat it in the city. But Boss PLATT may be defeated in the city ever so many times—so long as he retains his hold upon the country districts and their representatives in the Legislature, he will always have the means to re-establish his machine in the city, and, to a great extent, dictate his terms. In order to destroy his power for mischief in the city it is therefore necessary to destroy it in the State.

The present revolt against PLATT rule in the Republican party, provoked by the enrolment outrage, is headed by Mr. CORNELIUS BLISS, Mr. BROOKFIELD, and other men of the highest respectability. The great committee they have organized contains many of the best names known here. Their endeavors deserve the hearty sympathy of every good citizen. Every friend of good government and of public decency wishes them the completest success. But there will be no hope of an actual achievement of that success unless they very clearly perceive the nature of the task they have on their hands, and unless they are firmly determined in the pursuit of it not to recoil from party defeat in the State as a means to the end. If they think they can accomplish anything of lasting effect by the mere creation of an anti-PLATT Republican organization in this city, commendable as this in itself may be, they expose themselves to a grievous disappointment. So long as he retains his present command of the Republican party in the interior of the State, the local war upon him will trouble him comparatively little. The Republican reformers will therefore have to carry the war into Boss PLATT's strongholds of power in order to break his leadership.

It is a well-known fact that Mr. PLATT derives a large, if not the largest, part of his political influence from the money contributions he levies on rich men and on corporations that have bills to get through or wish to be protected against "strikes" in the State Legislature. The sovereign control of such a fund makes him the dispenser of valuable favors which he can grant or refuse at pleasure, as there is nobody to control him, and which count for much in the precarious career of country newspapers, in the management of local politics, and therefore in the struggles of politicians for nominations and other advantages. The leading spirits of the anti-PLATT movement, no doubt, know the persons or corporations upon whom Boss PLATT is levying this sort of blackmail, and who thus furnish the principal sustenance to the PLATT machine. Should they not at last make a determined effort to bring about an authoritative public exposure of Boss PLATT's methods, and a concert of action among the victims to stop supplies? Concerted action would make such a step far less risky to those concerned than it otherwise might appear, while its result would be a long step toward complete deliverance. And it will make the spreading of the anti-PLATT organization over the whole State infinitely easier.

Boss PLATT evidently makes an effort to win a following among the respectable part of the community by such things as the ostensible support of Governor MORTON for the Presidency, and Mr. MORTON shows signs of having swallowed the bait. Is it not time to convince him and others who may be inclined to seek preferment through Boss PLATT's support—for which, of course, they have to serve him in turn—that the anti-PLATT Republicans will strongly and strenuously oppose them for that very reason? In order seriously to cripple the boss's power it is necessary to make ambitious politicians feel that they will have more to lose than to gain by serving him. Evidently the "better element" cannot too soon abandon the idea, if they entertain it, that the mere creation of an anti-PLATT Republican organization in New York city will decide the struggle.

The honorable gentlemen leading this movement are, no doubt, mostly strong Republican partisans. They should consider that the Republican party has at present a great opportunity before it, and that they can do much to improve that opportunity. There is an independent vote in the country, and especially in this State, that has more than once shown amazing strength in elections. Many of the independent voters who formerly leaned toward the Democratic side have become somewhat sobered by various occurrences, and would favor the restoration of Republican ascendency, now that the tariff question is more and more likely to be let alone, if the Republicans would take a decided position for sound money, get rid of boss rule, and send its Jingoes to the rear. The anti-PLATT Republicans can do much to attract that element. If they are courageous enough to risk a party defeat in order to shake off the boss, they may find in the taking of that very risk an element of party strength and an assurance of ultimate party victory.

THE GREATER NEW YORK BILL.

INDICATIONS are not wanting that the machine politicians are pushing the Greater New York project with vigor because of its alluring prospect of spoils. This harvest of spoils is all the more attractive to them because of the opportunity it affords of throttling municipal reform through legislative jugglery in a year when minor affairs will be overshadowed by the more important issues of a Presidential election. There can be no mistake as to the desire of the spoilsmen to be revenged on many of the officials of the reform administration of New York city for being honest and for conducting the affairs of the city in the interests of the people.

In view of this fact it would seem to be proper to suggest to the legislators, and especially to the spoils politicians among them, that wholesale office-seeking raids, such as are apparently contemplated for the sake of strengthening boss government and machine rule, may not be altogether wise. The advisability of the passage of a Greater New York bill should be a matter of business rather than of politics. The simple question is whether the business affairs of the communities which make up the metropolitan district can be conducted to better advantage by a centralized government than by the present distributed system of managing them. In framing a charter for a Greater New York, and in the various steps of consolidation, there should be the utmost deliberation and care. Above all things it should be understood thoroughly that charters are not given to cities by the State for the purpose of providing easy incomes and chances for plunder to men who care little for moral sentiment and nothing for the law of equivalents in municipal business life.

It would seem reasonable that affairs relating to the public health, the police and fire departments, the water-supply, streets, building operations, and the like in these communities could be more efficiently and far more economically administered under a consolidated government than under the present system. Especially desirable is it that there should be uniform treatment of matters pertaining to the health and police regulations in the large district which really makes up the metropolis. The desire for consolidation simply for the sake of being big, and the opposition to consolidation by the residents of Brooklyn on the ground that Brooklyn didn't mean it when she voted in favor of the project, are of small importance compared to the necessity for good government and the opportunities for economy and wise administration that consolidation would bring.

The objection in Brooklyn to the proposed union lies chiefly with two grades of citizens—the spoilsmen, and those who fear the spoilsmen. The one grade dreads to lose present opportunities for securing office, and the other dreads the place-seekers who would descend upon them from New York. If the already existing good effects of reform government are to be sacrificed, and if revenge is to be taken upon those who have placed the management of New York's municipal affairs upon the plane of common decency and common honesty, it would be a thousand times better that the project of a Greater New York should be postponed indefinitely, and that we should remain as we are now, than that we should be given over to the depredations of "bone-hunters" and organized political marauders.

DANGEROUS MISSTATEMENTS.

WE fancy that there are few persons of mature age, living in New York or New England, who do not number among their acquaintances a typical Westerner or two. It will therefore occasion rather widespread surprise, even in the East, to learn that the people of "our great Western States" are "materialized in their temper, with few ideals of an ennobling sort; little instructed in the lessons of history." Moreover, credible witnesses, trained observers, just returned from extended journeys through the West, have taken pains to inform the public that the West is not in favor of war. With real disappointment, therefore, one receives the information that "safe from exposure to the direct calamities and physical horrors of war; with undeveloped imaginations and imperfect sympathies, they [the people of the West] form a community unfortunate and dangerous from the possession of power without a due sense of its corresponding responsibilities: a community in which the passion for war may easily be excited as the fancied means by which its greatness may be convincingly exhibited, its patriotism displayed, and its ambitions gratified. This is no unreal peril. Some chance spark may fire the prairie." The quoted sentences are from the leading article in the February number of the *Forum*.

It is not necessary to enter into elaborate refutation of these charges, but the prominence that has been given to them calls for good-natured protest. It seems a pity that at a time when the judgment and the taste of sensible people are being offended by the unmeasured extravagance of Jingo expressions, those who lead the reaction should indulge themselves in similar intemperance of statement. There is need of moderation and of accuracy, and of what MATTHEW ARNOLD called "sweet reasonableness." Their opposites will convince no one, but will discredit the good cause.

Another recent and interesting example of misstatement, at the expense, not of our Western fellow-citizens, but of our English cousins, may be mentioned in this connection. The London *Spectator* for January 11th contained a strong article berating the English people for their part in a new form of international greed, and asserting that the thirst for gold in its concrete and tangible shape has broken out everywhere almost as strongly as it broke out in the sixteenth century among Spaniards, Portuguese, and Elizabethan Englishmen; that there is a positive frenzy of greed developed in the active nations which lends heat and purpose to every accusation against England; that England is not innocent in the matter, and that it behooves Englishmen to remember that they cannot run so hard as they have recently been doing in this race for wealth without stirring up bitter animosities. This would seem to be a confession full enough, free enough, and public enough to forestall the charge made by Mr. ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY in the New York *Herald* for January 26th.

"If England had the frankness to admit," writes Mr. CROSBY, "that she wants the earth for what she can get out of it, and that the benefits to the conquered are merely incidental, she would gain immensely in respect and pop-

ularity the world over. England wants gold, and it is gold which we wanted in California, and which, in some form or other, attracts the French to Algiers and the Italians to Massowah. The only point of difference is that no American or Frenchman or Italian would dream of asserting that he wanted anything else, while the Englishman never tires of talking of the blessings of British rule."

THE RENAISSANCE OF WATER-POWER.

ONE hundred years ago water furnished, so far as practice went, almost the sole source of energy for motor uses. How swiftly the reign of steam superseded the simpler gift of nature we all know. Until within a very recent period no one had thought of returning to the more primitive agent except as a mere auxiliary, unless in the highland lumber sections. With the conquests of electrical science effected in the last score of years, however, the whole outlook is changed, and already steam begins to yield its grip on the necessities of civilization, and running water to resume its ancient importance as a fountain of force. The revolution promises to be as great as if not greater than that of steam, and the economic value is the more significant in view of the coming exhaustion of coal-fields, while water-power will live undiminished with the life of the ocean, which is its reservoir.

The electrical discoveries, by which the force of running water, the cheapest of all raw material, can be transmuted at the slightest relative expense to drive all kinds of machinery, engage a considerable share of public attention. The utilization of Niagara, which will furnish many millions of horse-power, and distribute it for several hundreds of miles; the similar enterprise at Snoqualmie Falls, Washington, which may yet make Seattle one of the great manufacturing centres of the far West; the projects mooted to convert the Passaic Falls and those of the Genesee River at Rochester, New York, into electrical energy—such examples stand large and clear in the public eye. But what the public does not recognize, or only vaguely, is the vast aggregate of power which is certain to be derived from the lesser water-falls all over the country, and which have already begun to be utilized for electric-lighting and mechanical purposes. In New England we see this vividly illustrated; for New England is peculiarly rich in natural endowment of water-power. It is asserted by competent engineers that quite two-thirds of the railway mileage of this important section can be made dependent on water as the ultimate motor. It is within the knowledge of the writer that in the State of Vermont speculation is already keen in purchasing important power sites with a view to their great prospective value. Plans to parallel existing steam roads with electrical roads are "as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," and many of them have even now taken practical form. Capital, stagnant in most other directions, seems to rush eagerly into such electrical enterprises. It is perfectly demonstrable that the first cost of road-bed and rolling stock in a road planned to do the same bulk of business is only a little more than over half that of the steam road. Still more important than this, the cost of operating such a road bears an equally favorable ratio. Within the next two years, if present enterprises are developed, two or three of the most important railways of New England and many of the shorter routes will be paralleled by electric roads dependent on water-power. Many new routes have been surveyed or provided for by charter, running through regions hitherto remote from railroad advantages; for the electric line can surmount grades impracticable for steam lines. What is true of New England is also true of the Middle States, of the South, and of the Alpine and Trans-alpine West in those new conditions of nature which make electro-mechanics the solution of the problems of manufacturing and transportation.

Even assuming, however, that steam, with its ultimate source in coal, will remain the key of values in the greater cities and on the main trunk lines, the vast sum total of auxiliary enterprises which can be made contingent on running water is such as to stagger one's mathematics. The life of trunk lines to-day is not in their through business. The blood which pours into the heart through the feeders is the essential source of existence. Long-distance hauling is the smallest part of our railway prosperity. It requires no argument to prove what a dominating factor electricity will become if our premises are true as to the wide distribution of available water-power.

The same conditions which promise a new departure in railroad dynamics are potential in their relation to manufacturing and electric lighting. Both these forms of application are advancing so swiftly as to promise no limit, except the limits of need, if we exclude the rainless or prairie regions. The loss of power by induction in the transmission of electricity is vastly less than that of the potential value of coal. The question of economy is the determining value in the problem of manufacturing. What effect this new application will have in shifting the centres of production and distribution becomes at once a curious point of speculation. Will Chicago, absolutely dependent on coal, now so prominent as a manufacturing point, keep her grip? Will not New England, already alarmed as to her pre-eminence in so many forms of production, be able to more than hold her own, when the question of cheap coal ceases to be so important? These and a score of other suggestive queries at once leap to the fore.

The lighting of hundreds of small towns, which otherwise could not afford the change, through the agency of running water, is already a fact, and is growing more apparent every month. That water-power sites can be made so easily by skilful engineering to double, triple, quadruple the natural force of flow makes it perfectly practicable to utilize the same source of supply for railway, manufacturing, and lighting uses by the proper distribution of turbine wheels. The subject is not one of quixotic theory; it is sober, scientific, demonstrable. One may easily be beguiled by the crowd of dazzling possibilities which crowd on the mind from a casual outlook on this new field of economic speculation. But the hard facts, when measured and weighed, justify the belief in rapidly coming changes, which will make an epoch in the progress of industry, through this curious return to the primitive force which man first yoked to his own in a semi-barbaric state.

A CONSTITUTIONAL DANGER.

WHEN a Constitutional Convention after mature deliberation has revised the organic law of a State, and its work has been ratified by the people at the polls, it seems rather anomalous that the Legislature convening immediately afterward should be asked to revise the work of the revisers. Yet exactly this has occurred relative to a section of New York's Revised Constitution.

The section in question refers to the long-mooted subject of convict labor. Its provisions would, it is claimed, if put in operation, reduce four-fifths of the convicts in our prisons to idleness. Every one having the slightest knowledge of the subject is aware that this would be the greatest calamity that could befall the prisoners themselves and all persons associated with them. Experience proves that the inevitable result would be a great increase of diseases, including insanity, among the convicts, a general lowering of the tone of prison discipline, amounting often to insubordination and open mutiny, and an increase of permanent incorrigibility. Reformatory efforts looking to the reclamation of the criminal would be perforce annulled.

In the long-run there could be no possible economic saving through idleness of a body of men necessarily supported by the State. This will no doubt be admitted even by the labor agitators whose efforts led to the restrictions just noted. Their claim has been that the convicts might still be employed under the new provision, with the restriction that the products of their labor should be utilized only by "the State itself or some of its political divisions," which, being interpreted, means by the inmates of the institutions conducted at public expense.

It is a strangely short-sighted policy that could see any benefit in such a restriction, even were its application practicable. It ought to be plain to every one that labor so utilized would be just as effectually in competition with outside labor as if its products were placed in an open market. So, even if the convicts of the State could be employed in the way indicated, nothing would be gained. But in point of fact it is asserted that not more than one-fifth of them could be so employed; and for the remainder, under the constitutional provision, idleness, with all its attendant evils, would be the portion.

It is difficult to understand why the Constitutional Convention should have tampered with this question at all, inasmuch as existing laws already dealt with it in a highly satisfactory manner. The gentlemen of the convention are surely not so short-sighted as to have supposed that they could by any possibility make the labor of convicts non-competitive though still useful and productive. The visionaries who harbor such a thought as that are of the same type as those who are inventing perpetual-motion machines. The motive of the convention in passing so inane a clause must therefore remain a mystery, unless some one having "inside knowledge" should see fit to divulge it.

Fortunately the threatening provision of the Constitution was not to take effect till January, 1897, so there is an opportunity to avert its dangers. A bill modifying the clause to this end passed both Houses of the Legislature last winter. To become a law it must pass again this season, and then be approved by the people at the next election. It is greatly to be hoped that this will be accomplished. But it does not argue very well for a Constitutional Convention that it should be necessary to undo part of its work in such haste.

OUR HISTORIC MONUMENTS.

AMONG the measures to be presented before the General Assembly of the State of New York at the present session will be a memorial asking an appropriation for a suitable monument to commemorate the ratification by the State of the Constitution of the United States. What shape the monument is to take has not yet been made known, but as the matter is in the hands of the Daughters of the Revolution, it may be assumed that it will be in good taste and in every way acceptable.

Such a monument should cost comparatively little, and it would be worth a great deal. The event it is to commemorate is an important one in the history of the country; it is one which may be suitably recognized and kept before the minds of future generations. In its earlier days, as now, New York was a predominant commonwealth, and with its consent to the new compact the "more perfect union" became an established fact.

But even if the event were less important than it was made by circumstances, it would still be worth while to commemorate it by a permanent reminder, and to impress on the citizens of the future the lesson of patriotism and of devotion to our country which it suggests. There is no more hopeful sign for the future of this country than the widening and deepening interest now taken in the history of the United States. There has never been a time when the events connected with the settlement and growth of the colonies, with the struggle of the Revolution, and the critical period which followed, have been followed as closely and zealously as they are to-day by our young people. The movement is all the more admirable because it is spontaneous, natural, and healthy. It represents a spirit which cannot be too highly praised nor over-encouraged. It cannot fail to develop and strengthen those impulses of patriotism from which it had its origin, and to contribute to the stability of those results which it teaches us to appreciate.

We are not at all likely to impair our prosperity by any expenditure we may make on commemorative monuments. We can afford to spend as much money in this direction as is spent in Europe, where we have many fine examples of the intelligent application of this patriotic spirit. The young Emperor of Germany is making his empire picturesque with the monuments of the great war out of which the empire arose. In France city vies with city and department with department in their conservation and glorification of the memorable events in their history. The existing historic monuments have long been an object of state care. In England we know how jealously they watch over every relic which has a story or a meaning, and the appreciation of the present loses nothing from the devotion of the past.

We ought to believe that our history, the history of a nation founded in freedom and as the assertion of the right of the people to rule, is worthier of commemoration than the history of an empire or of a dynasty or a monarchic rule of any kind, and so it is. We can hardly make any mistake in any reasonable effort to establish and make known to all the world our adherence to this belief.

CHILDREN'S INSTITUTIONS.

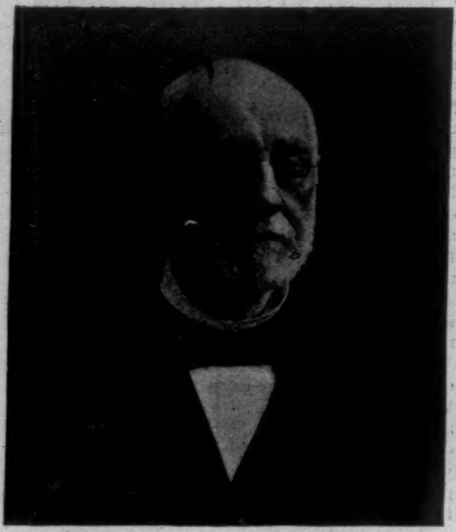
AT a recent meeting of the New York City Board of Apportionment the State Charities Aid Association, through its representative, MR. CHOATE, requested that the sum of $10,000 be appropriated to pay the expenses of inspectors for the private children's institutions tributary to the city that receive public moneys for their maintenance. It appears that New York city has twenty-five such institutions, housing fifteen thousand children, and receiving annually from the city more than $1,600,000 for their maintenance.

It is alleged that the sums thus received from the city are in some cases greatly in excess of the actual needs of the institutions, so that the latter, receiving additional benevolences from other sources, actually become money-making concerns. In proof of this a table has been prepared showing that year by year from one-third to one-half of the institutions have received sums from the city in excess of their entire cost of maintenance amounting in the aggregate for ten years to more than $600,000.

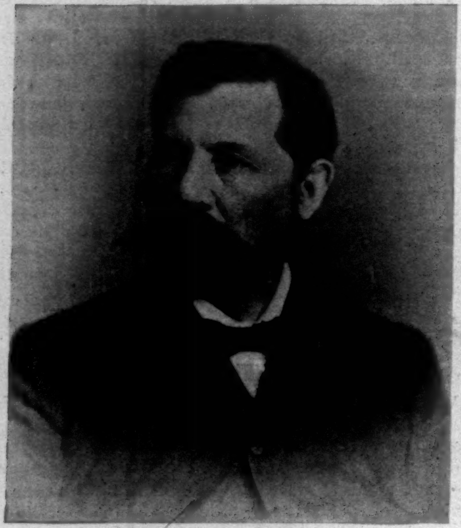
More important still is the claim that many of these institutions keep their inmates much longer than is for the best interests of the children themselves. It is shown statistically that about one-fourth of the total number at any given time have been resident there longer than five years. A single institution had recently about four hundred children of whom this is true. The same institution had at the same time 345 "children" over sixteen years of age, including several who were over twenty-one.

The full import of these and similar statistics is only comprehensible when taken in connection with the further claim that children when housed and cared for in large numbers together for a long period under such conditions as necessarily pertain even in the best regulated institution become "institutionized," to their permanent detriment. They are said to be in a measure unfitted for life in the outside world under ordinary conditions, and it is claimed that when ultimately they are discharged to return to the city and enter into competition there in the callings to which they have been trained, they very generally fall by the way-side, almost as a matter of course, and come finally to live lives of pauperism and criminality.

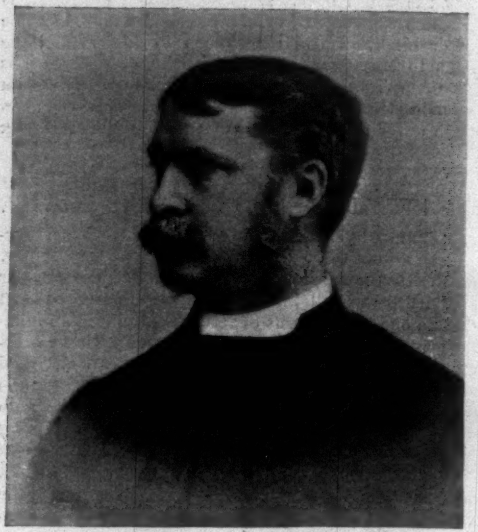
It is believed that through proper official inspection better disposal might be made of the cases properly committed to these institutions, the average period of residence there greatly curtailed, and the total number of cases thus greatly reduced. A comparison with the conditions existing in other large cities justifies this hope. London has one dependent child to 206 individuals of the total population; Boston has one to 856; Philadelphia has but one to 2000; whereas New York city has one to 117. If by proper inspection the New York ratio could be reduced even to that of London, the monetary saving to the city would be considerable, to say nothing of wider benefits conferred on the children themselves. The Board of Apportionment will certainly do wisely, therefore, if it grant the relatively small sum asked for inspectors. The appointment and control of the inspectors themselves might properly rest with the State Board of Charities, since that body is made officially responsible by the Revised Constitution for the rules governing the reception and retention of children in the institutions in question.



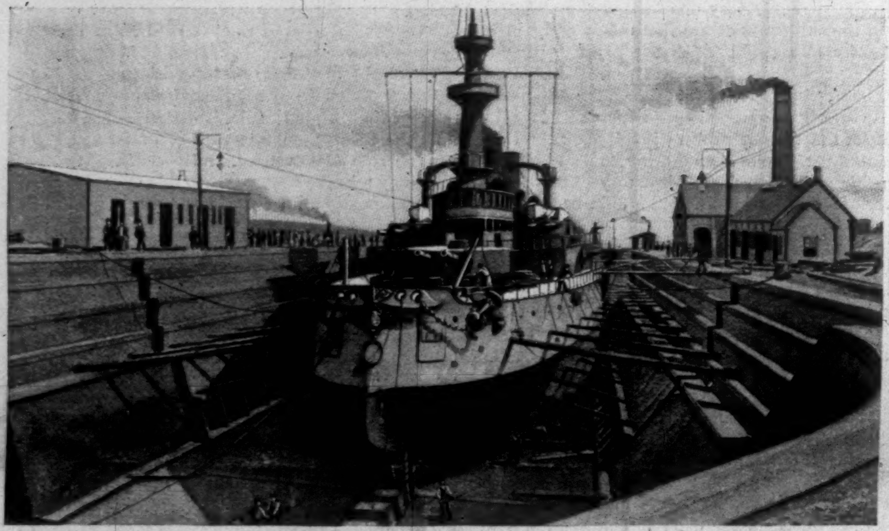
FREDERICK FRALEY.
Re-elected President National Board of Trade.—[See Page 127.]



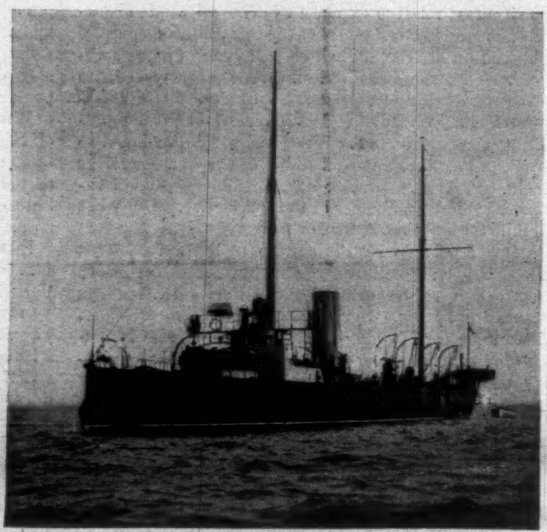
THEODORE RUNYON.—Died January 27, 1896.
United States Ambassador to Berlin.—[See Page 137.]



HENRY YATES SATTERLEE.
Bishop-Elect of Washington, D. C.—[See Page 127.]
Photograph by Kurtz.

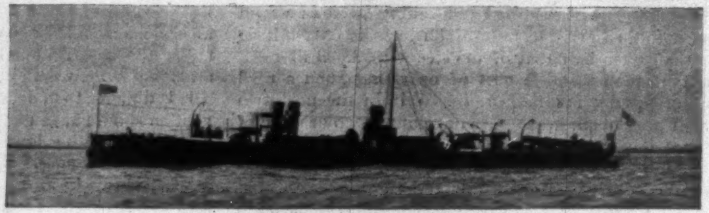


UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "INDIANA" IN DRY DOCK.—Drawn by R. G. Skerrett.—[See Page 126.]



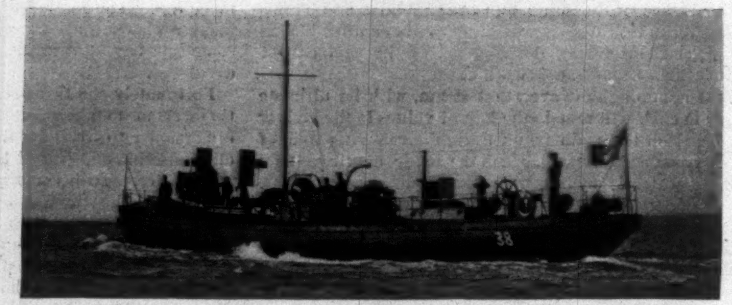
"RATTLESNAKE."

"DARING."



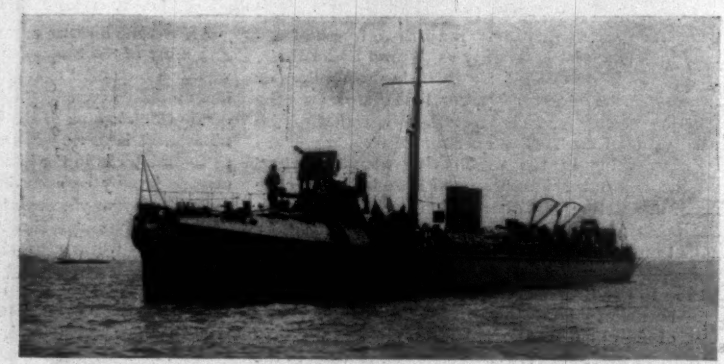
TORPEDO-BOAT "81."

TORPEDO-BOAT "23."



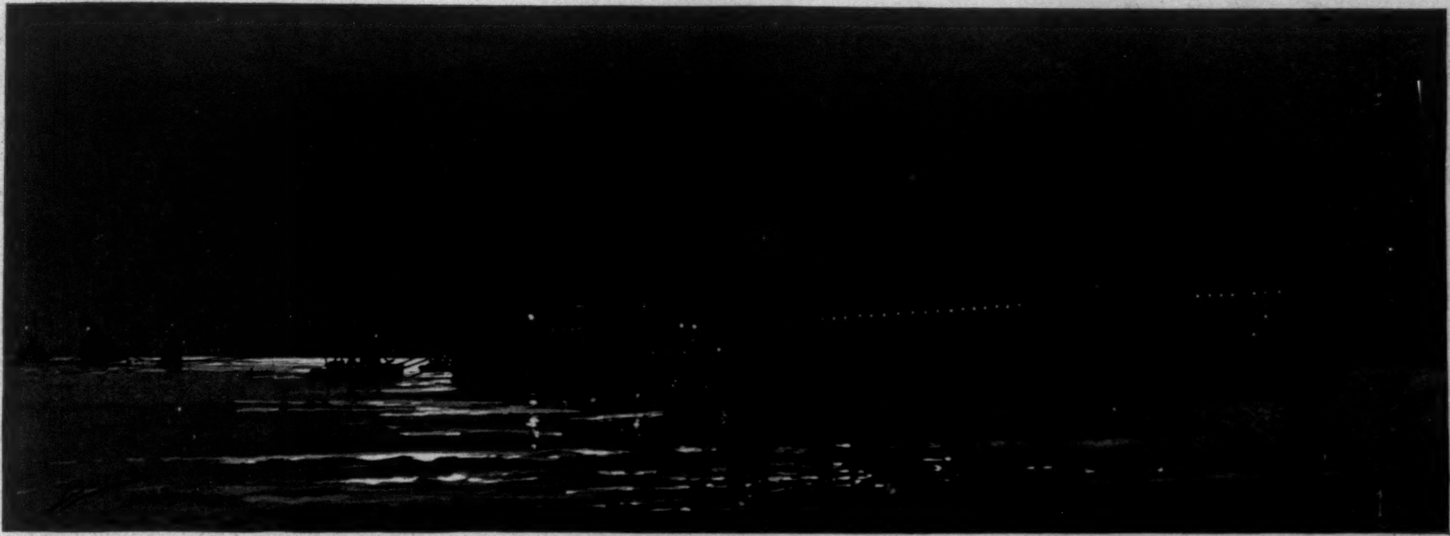
TORPEDO-BOAT "38."

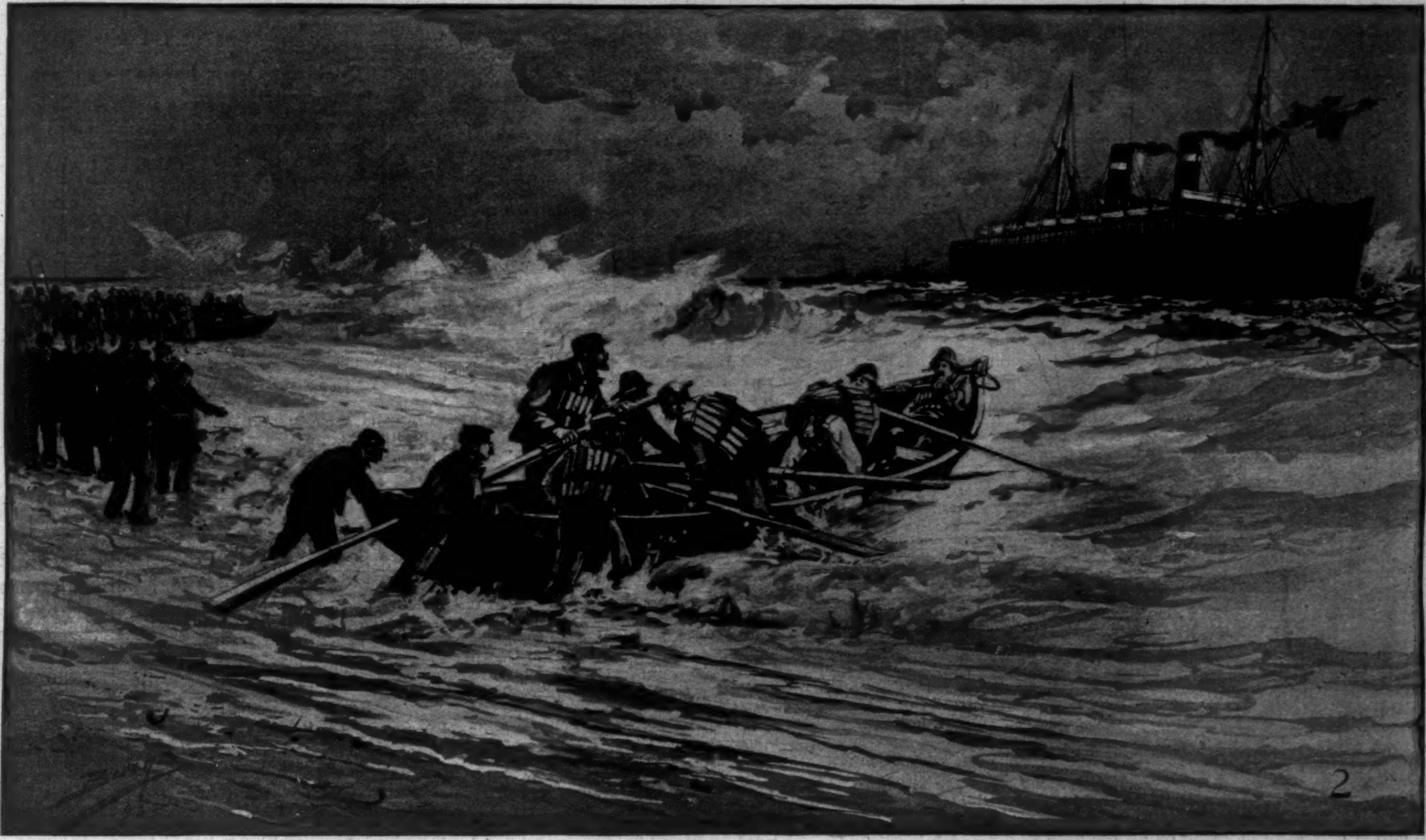
"HORNET."

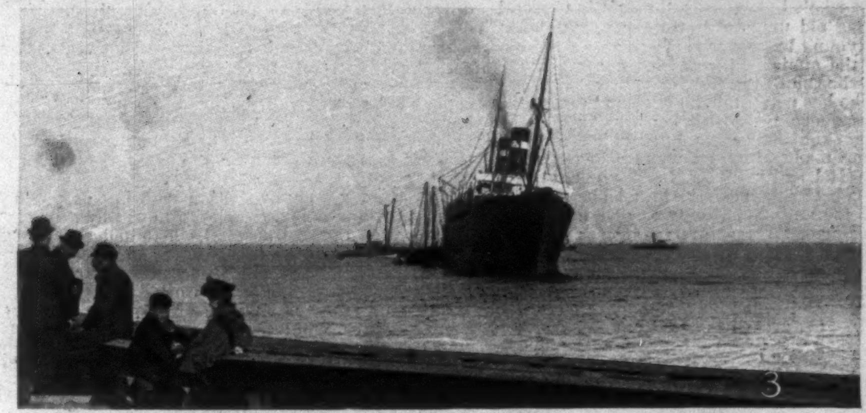


"HAVOCK."

SOME TORPEDO-BOATS OF GREAT BRITAIN'S NAVY.—[See Page 127.]







THE STRANDING OF THE AMERICAN LINER "ST. PAUL" ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST, NEAR LONG BRANCH.

FROM DRAWINGS BY M. J. BURNS, AND PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 127.]

1. As she lay on the Evening of January 30th. 2. Life-saving Crew launching a Surf-Boat, Afternoon of January 25th. 3 and 4. Views of the Ship from the Beach as she lay on January 26th. 5. Passengers leaving in Surf-Boats, Afternoon of January 25th.

LIFE AND LETTERS

SINCE I wrote of the theatres last I have seen three new plays, two English and one American, and as a good Jingo I am sorry to say that the English plays were twice as clever as the American play, and were in the majority qualitatively as well as quantitatively. Yet the American play was very well imagined, in a certain way; that is, it was on our own ground; it dealt with types known to our common American experience; it was high in its motive morally; it was entirely pure in tone, and had nothing in it that one could go away the worse for seeing or hearing. It was very prettily, very perfectly mounted, and it was extremely well played.

I.

I am speaking of the Governor of Kentucky, which Mr. Crane has been giving at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and I wish I could hopefully inquire why and where the piece came short of the excellence I desired for the charming actor, and for the author who had imagined it so well in a certain way. But I can only hint at defects which I cannot fully prove, and which I own it would be disagreeable for me to dwell upon. I shall be very willing in the end to have the reader say that my criticism is worse in its sort than the play.

I fancy that the play was written around the notion of the leading part, which was so exactly suited to Mr. Crane, with his humorous bluffness, his delightful honesty, his naturalness, and his thoroughly American bonhomie. It was so expressive, indeed, of the higher citizenship we are all longing for in our fellow-citizens, if not in ourselves, that I kept wishing some small part of so much political virtue on the mimic scene could be got into public life. Perhaps there was even too much political virtue in Governor William Lee of Kentucky, and as an example he failed through his unfailing adequacy to all temptations. Or perhaps these temptations did not seem such as would really present themselves to executive officials, even through the agents of nefarious railroad enterprises. But I believe I should not have minded all this, if I could have found the action proceeding from this character and the other characters as novel and as interesting as themselves; for the characters in their conception were really novel and interesting, almost without exception. The agent of the nefarious railroad enterprise, with his preposterous proposition to swing the caucus and elect the Governor Senator, and give him $25,000 to boot if he would sign his wicked railroad bill, was a wholly credible personality, and excellently played. So was the mountaineer, whose moonshining experience with the Revenue inspired him with the belief that he could detect the agent in his subsequent crimes of forgery and robbery; Mr. Burr McIntosh, who did this part, had an invaluable nervous half-chuckle in his exits, which was a fortune in itself, and he was as true and quiet in his style as Mr. Edwin Arden. Colonel Henry Clay Bingley was another admirable figure, well conceived and well rendered by Mr. William Boag, with the Southern pomp and Southern pride, which, if a little overdone in his case, were at least not conventional. The rest of the people were more and more conventional, till you came to the young lady twins of New York, who were mere marionettes. I mean the characters, not the actresses, who made the most of their rôles, and tried their best to give the notion of great fun going on all the time where there was not the least fun. It was their business to bewilder, at an executive ball, the Governor's widely susceptible young aide, Colonel Kenton, a slight character very well fancied; and I have seldom seen, even in the theatre, anything more wearisomely mechanical.

The trouble with the whole play is that its action is mechanical. The people are mostly live people, but they behave with the motives and emotions of the immemorial puppets of the stage. This is a great pity; it all but spoils the pleasure of the piece, and it makes the critic appear unamiable. The Governor himself, who begins by being a good bit of honest Blue-Grass earth, ends by being a part of the theatrical paint and canvas, like those embankments in the cycloramas where the real ground is continued into the picture with a wider and wider divergence of the textures and the colors from those of the fact. Mr. Crane saved it, because he is himself so sane, so sound, and so true that it could not be otherwise than pleasing in his art; and the same is to be said of Jewel Esbrooke in the art of Miss O'Neill, an actress of always fresh and charming quality.

II.

As I have suggested, I cannot well say just how Mr. Fyles comes to grief in a piece which has so many elements of success in it, and which is so original in some of its most important features. Ground and character and intention are all native and all new, and yet the effect is old and alien. At what point, at what fatal moment the dramatist turns from life to tradition I cannot say, but I have a distinct hope that he will yet feel that he can trust life throughout, and that he never can trust anything else.

I am in no such uncertainty concerning the point and the moment where Michael and his Lost Angel begins to drop to ruin in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's hands. It is at the end of the third act, where the play ought really to end, and where the story does end, so resolutely that it has to be dragged by the tail through the two remaining acts, a lifeless and motionless and malodorous thing. Mr. Jones has a good grip of it, and he drags it through, and I suppose that many matinée-hats go away supposing that they have seen, and kept people behind them from seeing, the climax of the piece in the death of the Australian widow at the end of the fifth act.

The Australian widow is so obviously wicked from the beginning that one might know she must come to a good end, and die somewhere in the arms of the young ritualist clergyman whose life she has blighted. She comes with a great deal of money into the quiet country neighborhood where Michael is enforcing an extreme rigor of conscience in his parishioners and himself, and in three interesting acts gets him so much in love with her that she finds herself alone with him at night on the island of St. Decuman, whither she has followed him in his retreat, having arranged that there shall be no boat to bring her off. Michael rows her home to the mainland about daybreak, and attempts to take up his old life of pure motive, with the secret of his sin upon him. He goes to pieces in this false endeavor, when his secretary, whose daughter he had obliged to make public confession of her shame, and who alone knows the clergyman's guilt, tells him that there is nothing for him but the same sort of expiation.

Here the play properly ends. The spectator knows that Michael will make his confession, and somehow find peace through it. What should become of the Australian widow, with her evil millions and her absentee husband, is of no importance whatever, and the effort to imply that her passion itself deserved some mercy, if not some reward, is simply disgusting, and would be too impudent if it were not so imbecile. But I suppose this loathly moral is preached at the matinée-hats, which ought rather to be persuaded that passion has no rights in itself, and at the best is not a virtue. At the worst, as it seemed to me in this play, it is intolerable, and to try to palliate it by having the guiltier party go coughing and Camilleing about the continent after her lover, and die in the Calabrian convent where he has taken refuge from her, by no means changes the fact. If the play had ended with Michael's recognition of his sin, and his resolution to take the open shame of it, we should have had something from the author worthy of his finest intention, something noble and strengthening. But the present affair can only bewilder and bedevil.

III.

There is an implication concerning a woman who has been merely imprudent in the extreme in Mr Pinero's delightful comedy of the Benefit of the Doubt which I do not think will wash, either. The implication there is that if you are really innocent of the very worst, and are persecuted by a jealous woman who is trying to forgive you as hard as she can for being on Jack-dear terms with her husband, you can be restored to society after twenty-four hours of agony by your aunt, who is the wife of a bishop, and may reject the jealous wife's offers of reparation, and forgive her under her own roof, where you have come to find her husband, and borrow money to leave your own husband and go to Paris. Your case is indefinitely strengthened, you are indefinitely worthier of this handsome fate, if you say nothing to Jack-dear which his eavesdropping wife may not overhear, until you have taken some champagne, and then throw your arms round his neck, and propose his going to Paris with you. This behavior will commend you to the sympathy of all, and will re-establish you in such social standing, under the shadow of the bishop's shovel-hat, that even your own husband will not mind the judge's having dismissed your enemy's petition for divorce on the ground that you are entitled to the benefit of the doubt which exists in your case. But to this triumph an aunt who is the wife of a bishop is indispensable; and another very plain moral is that ladies who have no such aunts had better not let Jack-dears into their houses at midnight and remain up with them till three in the morning on terms of frank and simple friendship. The odious temperament of the Jack-dears' wives will have little to do with the doubt in the public mind concerning all ladies who do this unless their aunts are the wives of bishops.

However, one must not be too rigorous with comedies. Their morality has been pretty leaky from the beginning, and perhaps one ought to take the amusing misery which involves the whole light family of the heroine of the doubt as a proof of ethical severity in the author. They are a delicious lot, that whole light family, the strictly unmoral mother, the boring old unmoral uncle, the unmoral fast sister, the sulky young brother who conceives his reputation blasted by the affair in the divorce court, and the heroine herself, who thinks the judge has been very hard upon her, and who has no trouble on her mind except the fear of social consequences, or society consequences. Miss Irving played her exquisitely at the Lyceum Theatre, and Mr. Fritz Williams made a little masterpiece of the sulky young brother. If I speak of Mr. Le Moyne next, it is not to say he was better than either of the ladies who did the mother and the aunt, but simply to give myself the pleasure of speaking of Mr. Le Moyne as soon as possible.

Every part in the piece was well taken, some less well of course than others, but all well enough. It gave me an evening of enjoyment such as I rarely have at the theatre, and such as I should be glad to repeat as often as the occasion offered. It is excessively well put together, the interest does not flag for a moment, and the character is all very new and very neat. With my criticism of the poisonous morality, as a prophylactic and an antidote, I do not see why the most delicate female should not go to see it with perfect safety, and a vast deal of harmless amusement.

W. D. HOWELLS.

DOCKING THE "INDIANA."

A SUBSTANTIAL notion of what the *Indiana* battled with on her speed trial will be shown when, in a few days, that ship goes into the newly finished dry dock at Port Royal, South Carolina; and then, too, can be gauged how much more might have been added to her splendid performance and the exchequer of her builders had she gone forth with her bottom wholly freed of aquatic vegetation.

The dock, a wooden one, was begun three years ago, and, with certain needed alterations suggested by the test-docking of the monitor *Amphitrite*, has been pushed to completion within the present year. The structure has an extreme length of 496 feet, a floor or bottom length of 459 feet, and an extreme breadth of 97 feet. The depth of sill at high water is 26 feet, with a variation of 2.5 feet between the ordinary spring and the neap high tides. A peculiar feature of the dock is the tar concrete filling behind the sides, or altars, by which the basin is made practically water-tight.

Two centrifugal pumps, with a mean individual discharge of 35,000 gallons a minute, will drain the dock, requiring for that service something over an hour and a half. With certain modifications demanded by the Navy Department, the dock was built, after the plans of O. von Nerta, by Justin McCarthy, the contractor, both Washingtonians.

To-day this dock is the only completed one in the United States able to take in one of our first-class battleships, and the strategic meaning of this becomes more marked when it is known that the next nearest is that at Halifax, Nova Scotia, which, by the law of neutrality and the limited time allowance, would be denied us in a season of hostilities.

The admission of the *Indiana* will try to the utmost the possibilities of the dock, and establish the soundness of a very vital factor in the maintenance of our line-of-battle's efficiency, while widening our resources—desiderata strongly emphasized by Chief-Constructor Hichborn in his paper on "Experience Gained with our New Steel Ships."

The mechanical facilities of the station are as yet incomplete, and the working force will have to be recruited from the Norfolk Navy-Yard.

"THIRST."

BY OWEN WISTER.

IF, being aged thirty-five or more, you will consult the geography of your childhood, there shall you find the words "American Desert" printed over a general space between the Missouri and California, with little else printed there at all. To-day that vacancy upon our map is filled with dotted towns, and county lines, and nomenclature of every size, and—upon paper to the untravelled eye—the American Desert would seem clothed with citizens and progress. This is true in some places, and undoubtedly will be true in more. A part of Utah is now a very garden; in Arizona the Salt River Valley is another, where fruit and crops and prosperity abound; others there are that teem with both promise and performance. And yet, I suppose, the whole watered area of Arizona, where man and beast can flourish, is not anything like two thousand square miles, while the area of that Territory in total is close upon one hundred and thirteen thousand; and so with New Mexico, western Texas, Utah, and Idaho, a similar proportion between desert and fertility will be found; their plenty may be called scarcely more than a drop in the bucket, while in Nevada the thing grows worse instead of better. Here, save at the edge, not a stream that rises has strength to run out, but dies in the sand or in some evaporated lake; the population dwindles yearly, and Nevada at present produces almost nothing except a Senator or two. So that, on the whole, the old geography was right, and it is not until you reach the coast States, California, Oregon, and Washington, where there is a real rainfall, that an honestly productive region lies around you in any abundance.

The picture of Mr. Lungren that he calls "Thirst" looks appallingly natural to any one who has ridden over that country; and by that country I mean not some few bad valleys, but enormous wastes that can be found by the hundred—indeed, cannot be escaped even by the traveller in the Pullman car. If you will choose any one of the five great lines that cross our country, whether North or South, you will have thirty-six hours of Mr. Lungren's picture at the least; or, to be particular, by the schedule of as rapid a Pacific train as I can find in this present winter season, you will have from seven on (say) Friday morning until three on Saturday afternoon, night and day, and some margin to spare.

No water for fifty miles is common. Unless some one has sunk a well, there are frequent stretches of a hundred; south of Maricopa, for instance, is such a stretch. Leaving Yuma, the locomotive carries behind its usual tender a special water-tank, and crosses a sunken corroded geological planet of ashes—a piece of the world that dried up when we were apes, or earlier. And when the expected well fails, as I have seen it fail through three years of drought, then you have Mr. Lungren's picture.

If you take the man out of the picture, I have seen worse than what remains. I have seen the world's face spread over with cattle dying and dead. Some could still stand up—one helps some to their feet if water seems near enough to be worth while; some were swollen hulks; some, longer extinct, lay like the crumbled ribs of ships. Of man's calamity I have only heard, but enough to know that Mr. Lungren's picture is too true for—well, for one's sitting-room.

On Saturday, May 29, 1894, a man in this plight was, luckily for him, found near Fort Bowie by a ranchman, and taken to the post hospital, where under treatment he recovered. He seemed (for his story was shifty, although his state was plain) to have travelled across Arizona from Holbrook southward, seeking work. In the San Simon Valley (and with the addition of a few yuccas Mr. Lungren's picture might be a photograph of that godless level) something happened to him—Indians, or intoxication, or mania induced by bad habits; no one feels sure which—and he lost his horse and his money and his way, and after many hours, perhaps a part of two days, during which he walked without shoes, binding dead cows' hides in strips about his feet, he turned up delirious, stark-naked, and roasted by the sun over his whole body, so that later in the hospital his skin flaked off in sheets as big as one's hand. The ranchman left him at a water-trough below the post, and went for help and clothes to cover him. Two soldiers came down and found him fainted, having drunk the water too freely. His appearance was rather worse than Mr. Lungren's man, for he had long red hair, and had torn all his clothes off, instead of only his shirt. That is the way you begin when you have reached the stage where your tongue is black and too big to move in the space of your mouth. You see streams, and finally lakes, and undress to bathe in them.

This Fort Bowie man, with baths of bicarbonate of soda and with dressings of oil, and with a diet of cracked ice, and later a little milk, recovered.

I know of another man whose thirst saved his life. I should not have believed his single word, but from army testimony there can be no doubt of it. The usual thing happened to him, only it was not in the San Simon Valley, but in the same county, farther west. He had passed through the first stages—the failure of expected water, the attempt to get back, the invading knowledge that he was lost, the sinking of his horse, the wandering agony on foot, the obliteration of sanity. After that he came to in the hospital at Fort Huachuca, and that was all he knew. It turned out he had passed straight through the

hostile camp of Geronimo. The Apaches had beheld a staring fantastic figure, naked, and fluently gibbering, and from this *spirit in communion with the spirits* they had fallen away in silence and superstition, as is their custom. They had been murdering every sane white they could catch.

Literature, so far as I know, still waits the poet who shall set down forever man's thirst on the dry land. For the sea it has been done so potently that "Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink" lives and lasts in many homely mouths that never pronounced Coleridge's name. But the land's corrosive horror outdoes the ocean's. There, at least, the outcast may leap in and sink. Somehow that oblivion in the cool depths has a touch of healing; but in the desert the carcass stares on, desiccating upon the hopeless sand.

AFFAIRS IN CUBA.

The successor of General Campos has been selected, and on the 28th of January he left Spain for Cuba. The post of Captain-General has this time fallen to General Weyler, and he has been chosen, it may be fairly presumed, as the most fit man to reverse, and to reverse with success, all that was conciliatory in the policy of his predecessor. The new Captain-General brings a reputation with him. He has seen service in San Domingo as well as in Spain, and he has been employed as Captain-General in the Philippines, to which, it is said, with a fine irony which those only who know that happy hunting-ground of needy Spanish nobility in the far East can fully appreciate, he gave peace and happiness. It may be presumed that his mission to Cuba is of the same general complexion.

In the mean time the reign of peace and happiness does not make much appreciable progress in his new sphere of action. There is the usual weekly record of Spanish successes, in which very small forces of regulars defeat very large bodies of rebels. The record of two or three killed and wounded soldiers as against a hundred or so of rebels is well maintained, and there are the usual number of fatal casualties among the rebel leaders, whose one salvation consists in their fortunate possession of more lives than the proverbial cat. The dawn of brighter times is announced, as usual, and the only drawback is that the number of obscuring clouds do not appear to diminish. News comes that cane is being ground in at least one district, but it is at once discounted by the intelligence that within a very few miles of the scene of these peaceful operations trains are being stopped and destroyed, mails carried off, towns forcibly occupied, plantations burned, and mills rendered useless. There are, of course, exaggeration and misrepresentation in much of the news that obtains currency, and yet in the very nature of the case it is quite possible that much of it is true.

The conditions of such a struggle as that now going on in Cuba are necessarily productive of just such contradictory statements as reach the outside world from week to week. A guerilla warfare is in all respects unlike a regular campaign, and a guerilla soldiery is not to be judged of by the rules which regulate success and failure in the case of regular troops. There is no reason to doubt that, as a rule, the soldiers of the Spanish army, when brought face to face with a force of Cuban irregulars, will give a good account of themselves, and probably defeat the guerilla enemy. These, no doubt, are the engagements we hear of, which serve to keep up the spirits of the Spanish party in the island and of the Spanish government at home. But in such a warfare, and, above all, in such a country as Cuba, with its mountainous districts and tropical forests, the regular engagements will bear no proportion to the irregular onslaughts; pitched battles will be almost unknown, while sudden attacks, ambushes, surprises will be the order of every day. It is not an army of thousands that General Weyler will have to fear; it is the thousand and one onslaughts by just such a wild, untrained, and utterly irregular cavalry as that shown in our issue of this week, not upon his battalions drawn up in line to receive them, but upon his troops on the march and his convoys of military stores. Attacks such as these, by just such wildly irregular troops as these, are more demoralizing to trained soldiers than the ordinary experiences of battle, and in the long-run they create far more of the waste of war. For once that this insurgent cavalry is met with a stern reverse, in which its numbers are seriously reduced, there will be a score of occasions in which the sudden headlong charge of the wildly shouting machetemen will create a panic, and be attended with heavy losses to the regulars. The acting Captain-General Marin is reported this week to be about to try the experiment of attempting to fight this characteristic Cuban force to some extent with its own weapons, by leading against it a light cavalry force of fifteen hundred men. To some extent he may be successful, but it is not large forces that are likely to cope successfully in the end with Maceo's machetemen. These men know the country, which the regulars do not; they have the general sympathy of the country people, or at least they control them by fear, they have no discipline that can be destroyed by substituting individual action for concerted movements. In a word, they will not wait to fight if they are to fight at a disadvantage, but they will be found to-day in the places where they were looked for in vain yesterday. Such are the problems of the warfare which the new Captain-General will have to face. It is said that he is not sanguine of complete success in less than two years: it will be no surprise if the modesty of his anticipations is more than justified.

ENGLAND'S TORPEDO-BOATS.

England has in her navy more than 200 torpedo-boats of various grades. Of these about 175 have been in commission. The others are being finished rapidly, and before the year is out the entire fleet will doubtless be completed.

England has gone into torpedo-boat-building more extensively than any other nation. She has experimented with them on a broad scale. She has outgrown the torpedo-boat used for harbor defence, and also the sea-going torpedo-boat, such as the *Rattlesnake*, seen in the illustrations on another page. She is now constructing 42 torpedo-boats known as "torpedo-boat-catchers." One-half of them have been finished. They are simply armed torpedo-boats with high bows, a length of at least 150 feet, and, with their improved water-tube boilers, capable of running at enormous speed. They are intended to overtake the old-style torpedo-boats, and destroy them with rapid-firing guns.

In her naval evolutions England has demonstrated that the ordinary torpedo-boats are not much to be feared as an offensive agent. They frequently destroy themselves, and must always have a refuge. They belong to the weaker fleet in a fight, because in a large sense they weaken a fleet. To cut off their operations near their base the "catchers" were designed. The *Havock*, *Hornet*, and *Daring* are representative of this new grade of war-ship. The *Daring* has shown a speed of 29 knots on a private trial, and 27.706 knots on her official trip. The *Hornet's* record is 27.313 knots, and the *Havock's* 27.177 knots. The older sea-going type of torpedo-boat, such as the *Rattlesnake*, has a speed of about 20 knots an hour. Last summer's English naval manœuvres gave no adequate test of the value of the "catcher" class of torpedo-boats. Until a test is made, these boats must be considered of especial value in indicating simply an enormous advance in speed in naval craft.

THE GROUNDING OF THE "ST. PAUL."

Early Saturday morning, January 25th, the new American liner *St. Paul* went aground in a dense fog on the New Jersey coast opposite Long Branch. The vessel was moving so slowly that the shock of grounding did not awake the sleeping passengers. From noon to dark of the previous day the *St. Paul* and *Campania* of the Cunard line had had a spirited race off the Long Island coast in the effort to secure the first landing of their mails. The advantage was slightly in favor of the American boat. After dark the fog closed in, and both vessels moved cautiously toward port.

The boats had been running under dead reckoning, and by a combination of circumstances which has not been explained thoroughly, each captain was about ten miles south of his true course. When the fog lifted on Saturday morning the *St. Paul* was hard aground, and the *Campania* at anchor a mile or more to the south and probably two miles from the shore. Captain Jamison of the *St. Paul* said that an officer of his ship who was in charge of the heaving of the lead had called out the depth of water as seventeen fathoms when it was only seven; that he was proceeding carefully (the fact that the grounding of the ship awakened no one sustains him in this); and that he went aground at once. Until his official report is made public the full details of his management of the ship in the fog will not be known.

The passengers were transferred from the ship in safety, and at once there arose a discussion as to how the captains of the *St. Paul* and *Campania* came to lose their way. A fierce gale from the northeast had been piling up the water on the Jersey shore and accelerating the speed of the vessels down the coast. The wind currents and tidal currents in the water had been disturbed, and the water near the coast where the *St. Paul* struck was undoubtedly a little deeper than the charts indicated. It is possible that the change in the currents and the increased speed of the ships, owing to the gale, brought them nearer to the coast than their captains calculated.

Pilots also said that there were deep holes near the Jersey coast, and that if the leads happened to fall into one of these a captain would be completely deceived as to his whereabouts. There seems to be no doubt whatever about the changing currents along the coast. There is serious doubt, however, as to the existence of these so-called holes.

Reference to the hydrographic charts shows the existence of a curious "river" running parallel with the Jersey coast, about two miles east. This river or channel begins five miles south of Sandy Hook, is about a mile wide, and nearly one hundred feet deep. The water on either side seems to have a uniform depth of about seventeen fathoms. In the river, which is known on the charts as the "mud gorge," the depth off Long Branch is more than thirty fathoms. It is fully sixty miles long, runs due south for ten miles, and then turns to the southeast, and gradually deepens until a depth of two hundred or more fathoms is recorded. The bottom on either side of this gorge is of sand and shells. In the gorge it is of dark mud. Skippers say that they can feel their way to New York Harbor by soundings in this gorge, and they express surprise that Captain Jamison did not detect his position when the lead showed the presence of mud instead of sand.

The problem at once arose as to how to get the *St. Paul* off. She was hard on a bar and not on the beach sands. All the freight was taken off, and on three occasions she was shifted slightly, probably half her length in all, by the tugs when they pulled at high tide. She was not damaged in the least by the grounding. It was remembered that *L'Amerique*, of the French line, went aground near the same place in 1877, and after more than three months was gotten off safely. Improved methods have practically made sure of rescuing any ship stranded in such circumstances. It requires a high tide and an east wind to pile up the water around the ship. It is settled that tugs, even a hundred of them, cannot pull off such a vessel. They can get little purchase in the water whereby to exercise their power on a fixed object. The ocean, with its immense power, alone can do the work. The water must lift the ship, and when each swell comes, the hawsers which are attached to the anchors out in the ocean tighten, and the ship is drawn out to them.

Four such anchors were attached with hawsers to the *St. Paul*. The high tide of the month came on the morning of January 30th, but there was no east wind, and the ship remained fast in her bed of sand. She can get no further on the bar because the anchors hold her back. When unusually high water comes in volume sufficient to lift her from the bed she will be moved gradually seaward, and there seems no good reason to doubt that in time she will be saved. A very violent eastern storm might injure her, but an ordinary storm with a high tide will probably be the means of her rescue.

Sufficient power cannot be applied to the *St. Paul* to drag her bodily, with her ten thousand tons of dead weight, out of the sand. Only the water can free her, and the ocean has already been harnessed to do this work. The fate of this splendid specimen of American marine architecture probably is to lie helpless until wind and wave conspire to set her afloat.

BISHOP-ELECT OF WASHINGTON.

Henry Yates Satterlee, Bishop-elect of Washington, D. C., was born in this city January 13, 1843. He was graduated at Columbia College in the class of 1863, and in due course from the General Theological Seminary in this city. For upwards of ten years he was assistant to the Rev. Dr. Andrews, rector of Zion Church at Wappingers Falls, New York; on the death of the latter he succeeded as rector of that church.

In 1882 he was elected rector of Calvary parish, New York, succeeding the late Dr. Hawk. Calvary parish is peculiarly blended with the life of its present rector. He was confirmed and married in Calvary Church, and therein, on the 25th of March, he will be ordained as first Bishop of Washington.

When he was made rector of Calvary an ornamental but very substantial iron fence with stout gates protected it from the public during the greater part of the week. With the advent of the new rector the fence and the gates opposite the main entrance disappeared, and "an open door and welcome" took their place.

In 1888 Mr. Satterlee was elected Assistant Bishop of Ohio. Following that event, Union College, New York, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In 1889 he was elected Bishop of Michigan. Neither of the appointments did he accept. Twice his name was associated with other dioceses, but he preferred to remain with Calvary parish, and to develop the many branches of church effort he had started. About ten years ago the special East Side work of the parish was undertaken. Indefatigable in organizing and accomplishing his benevolent plans, he drew to his side many earnest workers, with whose aid the parish, in its many ramifications, has been made one of the most active Christian forces in this city.

The Galilee Mission represents a block of four-story brick buildings on East Twenty-third Street, having a frontage of nearly 150 feet. The attendance at the mission in 1885 was 4403; in 1895, nearly 30,000.

The Olive-Tree Inn furnishes a home to those temporarily poor. It accommodates 363 men. Last year 103,000 lodgings were sold. Work, paying work, is furnished the deserving at the mission.

The India Tea Divan is another feature borrowed from the London work of Mr. Buchanan. Tea and coffee are sold as substitutes for beer and alcohol. It is a self-supporting co-operative shop.

The Galilee Restaurant, under the same roof, furnishes meals of well-cooked wholesome food at five cents and eight cents each—the latter a full meal. During the year 1895 nearly 200,000 meals were sold.

Lack of space precludes the mentioning of all. There are a men's club, a boys' club, a gymnasium, a free reading-room, a bowling-alley, and a billiard-room. Lectures and other entertainments are provided to furnish harmless and uplifting amusement.

The unusual executive ability which Dr. Satterlee has shown in the development of the resources of a great city parish will have still greater scope in the establishing of a new and active diocese in the nation's capital.

FREDERICK FRALEY.

Frederick Fraley, who has been re-elected president of the National Board of Trade, which held its annual meeting in Washington during the past week, is one of the oldest of living men who have taken an active part in public affairs in this country. Mr. Fraley has surrendered but little of his energy with advancing years, although now nearing the close of his ninety-second year. His memory is remarkable. Only a short time ago, at a banquet at which were present a body of business men from Buffalo, New York, he was one of the speakers, and his hearers were astounded by his references to their city when it was little more than a military post.

Frederick Fraley was born in Philadelphia May 28, 1804. His early inclinations were toward the law, but he became interested in the hardware business, in which he continued for a number of years.

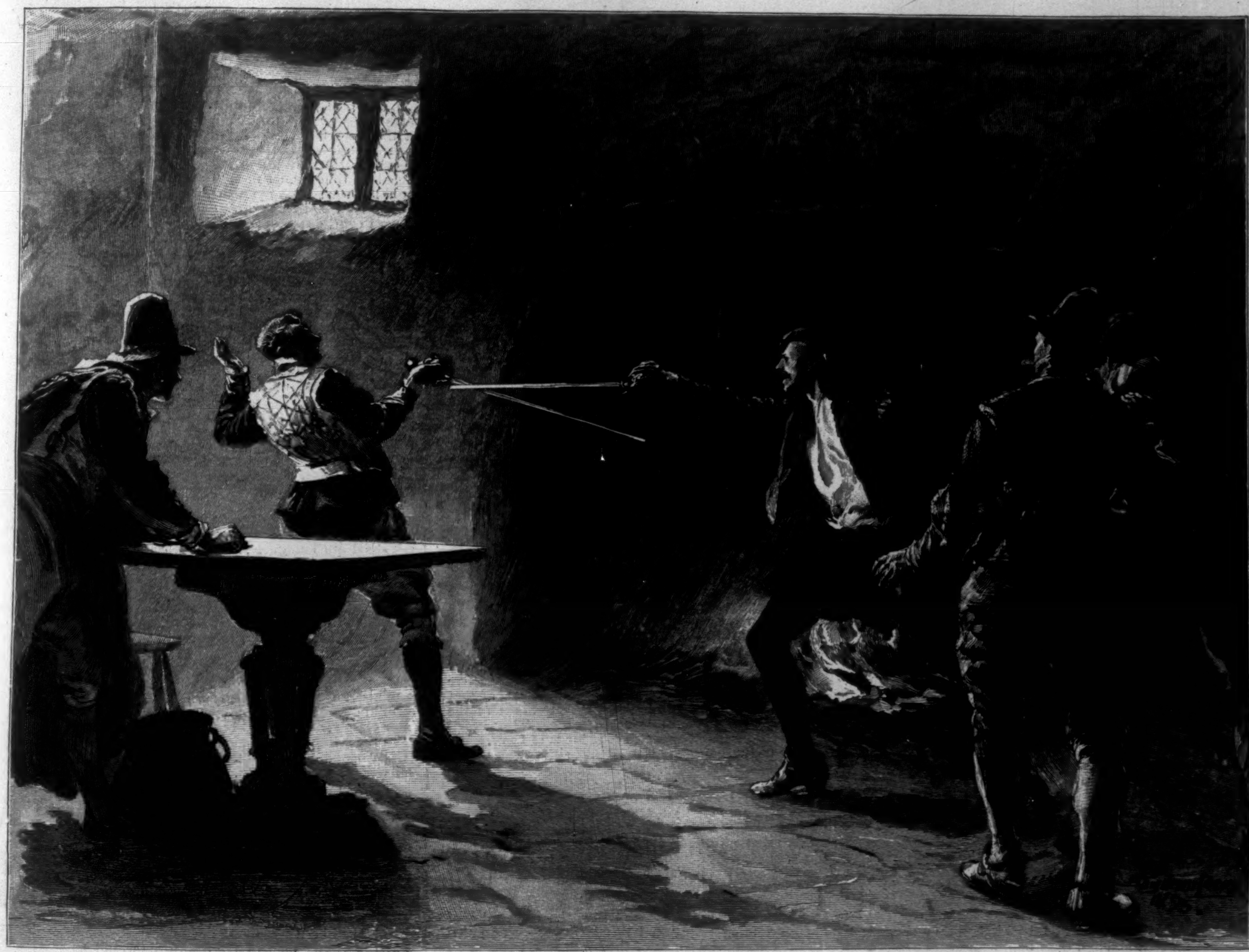
In 1824 the Franklin Institute, one of the most useful of the scientific bodies in Philadelphia, was founded, and in its establishment Mr. Fraley took an active and prominent part. He became a life member of the institute thereupon, and for a long time was its treasurer. In 1834 he was elected a member of City Councils, and for three years he did efficient service, one of his most distinguished acts being the extrication of the city from difficulties which threatened it with insolvency. In 1837 he was elected to the State Senate, and was one of the foremost of those who framed the laws necessary to carry into effect the amended State Constitution of Pennsylvania. In 1853 Mr. Fraley was a leading member of the committee of citizens whose labors were directed toward a plan to effect the consolidation of Philadelphia with its outlying districts.

Mr. Fraley's interest in matters pertaining to commerce and trade was always large, and it was fifty years ago that he became a member of the Board of Trade of Philadelphia, of which body he was elected president, an office he still retains. In 1868 he was chosen as one of the delegates to the Commercial Convention which was held in Boston, and which had as its object the establishment of a National Board of Trade. He was elected president of the new-formed board, and so efficiently did he discharge the duties which fell to him that he has since then continued to hold the place. In 1873 he was made treasurer of the Centennial Board of Finance, and in that position labored zealously and with conspicuous success to raise the large sum of money needful to carry out the proposed plans. Together with Hon. John Welsh, he was responsible for no small amount of the arrangement by which was realized the greatest of the world's fairs up to that date.

Mr. Fraley is president of the Western Savings Fund of Philadelphia, was one of the founders of the Union League of the same city, is president of the American Philosophical Society, and has been, and is now, identified with a large number of important charitable and educational institutions.

THIRST.—FROM THE PAINTING BY FERNAND H. LUNGREN.—[SEE PAGE 126.]

Exhibited at the Twenty-ninth Annual Exhibition of the American Water-color Society at the National Academy of Design.



THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

SWORD AND SPIT.

THE house of Cassillis is not a great place for size to be so famous. But the Earl has many castles, to which he goes oftentimes—specially to the grand house of the new style which he is building at the Inch in Galloway, and from which he means to assert his overlordship over the Lairds of Galloway—which, as I see it, is likely to breed him trouble—more than if he had staid here at home, and flaired his mistress into good humor.

So, leaving his presence, I went to see that Dom Nicholas had the best of food and bedding, passing through the grooms and the men-at-arms in the bravery of my Damascus sword, walking carelessly as though I wore such like every day—a thing I liked well. I made them also change the straw for better, though, indeed, there was little to find fault with. But it is best when one goes first into the stables of the great to speak loud, to cry, "Here, sirrah, what means this?" and then order fresh straw to be brought and that instantly. Thus I made myself respected, and so walked out, while the grooms bowed, me pulling the while at my mustache and pressing upon the hilt of my sword, so that the point stood out at the proper angle behind, with my cloak over it, as I have said.

Then, on my way back to the house, I must needs pass—or so I made it appear—through the kitchens, where I found my tyrant Venus of the fiery face in the act of cooking the supper.

Seeing me lean against the baking-board, dressed so cap-a-pie, she came and brushed me a place to sit upon. Then she asked, "Would I be pleased to drink a cup of sack—rare and old?"

So, seeing her set on it, I denied her not, but sat down, unbuckling my weapon for ease's sake, and throwing it down with clank of blade and jingle of buckle on the clear-scoured boards of the great table in the midst. The Lord forgive me for caring so mightily about these things and so little for going to church! Some good day, doubtless, I shall change about. And in the mean while, what would you?

Were you never eighteen and thought well of yourself, and had a new sword? If not, the Lord pity you. It is little ye ken.

But I longed to hear more of Sir Thomas Tode, and if might be, to see him. So I asked of the lady of the pans where he might be.

She set her thumb over her shoulder, pointing to a narrow door as of an aumrie or press.

"He is in there," she said, quite short.

"And what else is in there?" said I, laughing, for what was I the wiser?

"Half a bullock is in there," she said, laughing also. "That is the meat cupboard. It is fine and caller, and he is not troubled with flies upon his bald head."

"The meat-safe," cried I, much astonished; "and what does a reverend chaplain and a knight in the meat-safe?"

"The old dotard will not quit his maundering about the Black Vaut of Dunure to every one that comes near. He got a silly chapman in the yard that came with fish from Ayr, and I declare he must sit down and prate of the Black Vaut of Dunure. So I shut him in the meat-safe. Faith, I will give him Black Vaut of Dunure ere I have done with him. The Black Vaut of Cassillis and the company of the dinner roast will fit him better."

"And what says my Lord to your using his chaplain so?"

The lady gazed at me a moment in a kind of wilderment. Then she broke into the vulgar speech of the place, which, because I learned to write English as those at the Queen's Court do, I have used but seldom in this chronicle, though, of course, not for lack of knowledge.

"Sain ye," she said, "this may be a queer uncanny world, but it is surely no come to that o't yet, that a wife mauna check and chastise her ain man. Guid life, no—life wadna be worth leevin'—see till this—" she said.

And taking a key from her pocket she rapidly unlocked the door of the meat-closet.

Sir Thomas was sitting most forlornly within, upon the corner of a great chest, with many pieces of meat depending from hooks about his head. His wife, reaching in from the step, took him by the topknot of hair as by a handle, and pulled him to the floor of the kitchen with one movement of her arm.

"It's a guid's mercy," she cried, "that yince ye was a papish monk wi' a shaven crown, for the place that ye keepit bare sae long has ripened late, after a' the lave o' the crap has been blawn awa' wi' the wind."

I had been endeavoring to explain to myself the strangeness of the wisp upon Sir Thomas's head, but the words of his wife explained the matter. It was the retarded growth of his long fallow tonsure.

"An' it's a de'il o' a queer thing," said Mistress Tode, "that turning your coat ootside in should turn your hair inside oot! Heard ye ever the mak' o' that?"

"It was all owing to—," began Sir Thomas Tode, looking at his wife with a cringing shamefacedness that was most entertaining.

"Oh, I ken," interrupted his wife; "it was owing to the Black Vaut o' Dunure, nae doot! I declare I canna haud ye aff it. I jaloose that it maun hae been owing to the Black Vaut o' Dunure that Mary Greg, a decent cook woman and a deacon in her trade, took up wi' the likes o' you, that mak's yoursel' nae better than a mountibank wi' your yammer-yammering like a corn-crake aboot Black Vauts and roasted Abbots. Fegs, I declare I wad roast ye yoursel', ye are that muckle thocht and care to me. But ye wadna pay for the trouble. Even the Earl himsel' couldna mak' muckle oot o' ye, an' a' folk kens that he wad drive a flea to London market for the sake o' the horns and hide."

"Wheesht, wheesht, honest woman!" said Sir Thomas Tode; "wha kens wha may be listenin'—maybe the Countess her very sel'."

"Faith, an' I carena," cried the brave cook, tossing her head; "she is a backstairs body at ony gate; but she canna fear me—na brawly no'. I ken ower muckle. I ken things the Earl doesna ken. Certes an' serve him richt—a young man like him, but three an' twenty, to mairry his grandmither. Though guid kens Mary Greg is no the woman to speak that mairried nocht better than an auld skeleton hung on strings—for nae better reason than that it is the custom for the cook in a decent big hoose to tak' up wi' the chaplain."

The kitchen began to fill up, and I bethought me that I should be going; for it was not seemly that a gentleman and a squire should collogue with all the serving men and women in a great house. But before I could lift my sword and move there came in a dark burly man with a sharp cleft eagle's face on him, his eyes very close together, and a contemptuous sneer that was liker a snarl on his face.

"Good-e'en to ye, John Dick," said the cook. "Mind ye keep the peace, ye twull-cat, for there are to be no colliesbangies in my kitchen!"

A voice called querulously down the stairs.

"Coming the noo, my leddy," cried Mrs. Tode, the cook of Cassillis; "I am juist pittin' on the pot—"

And she vanished up the stair.

As soon as she was gone, Sir Thomas appeared to wake up from a dream. He looked eagerly around him.

"She will no be back for a while," he said. "I might have a chance. I maun tell you of the roasting of the Abbot. Man, I saw it—I was there. I held him on the ribs o' the grate. I set him on the brander, and poured the oil on him that he might be roasted in sop. Oh, man, ye think I am a fool. Ever since that day never hae I been without seeing the face o' him crying out for them to ding whingers into him, or blaw him up wi' powder to ease

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.

him, the auld Earl, grinning at him like a wild-cat, hunkering low to watch, with his hands on his knees. Oh, young men, never you put your hand to the torture of man, for it bides with you in the brain—just as asleep or awake, night or day, I see the Black Vaut o' Dunure!"

"Good life," cried his wife, entering briskly at the moment, "is it possible that the auld fule is at it again? The de'il's in the craitur. He thinks that he was at the roastin' o' a man, whan a' the roastin' he has done has been turnin' the spit in this decent hoose o' Cassillis. Come awa', ye doitered auld loon, what did I tell ye last time?—into the keepin' chamber wi' you!"

And she caught him by the top lock to lead him away. But I pled for him, saying that I had never heard of his phantasy, and had encouraged him to begin.

The tall man who had been called John Dick, the fellow of the hateful countenance, in whose eyes there was the insolence of challenge, at this point stalked up to the table on which my sword still lay. He took it in his hand with a contemptuous air, examined the Damascus work of fine gold, and was about to draw the blade from its sheath.

"That sword is mine," said I, scarcely looking at the fellow, "and does not leave its sheath save when I draw it."

"And then," quoth he, with a bitter sneer, "I opine it will not do much damage. 'Tis but a bairn's plaik at any rate! And in fit hands!"

"It may be that you would like to try, sirrah," said I, slipping my hip off the table and buckling on my sword with one movement.

"Very willingly," said he of the sneer. "Come out to the green."

But before I could move to end the matter there arose from the corner where he had been lying on an oaken settle a tall slender lad of foreign aspect and distinction. He had on him a green suit like the royal hunting liveries. A long plain sword swung by his side.

"Launcelot Kennedy of Kirrieoch," he said, "I am Robert Harburgh, and though I serve here as little better than a cullion, I am yet of some blood and kindred. Therefore I shall do you no shame. And you, sir," said he, turning to John Dick, who stood lowering, "being your equal here—I can serve your turn to cross swords with—and spare this gentleman the discomfort of defiling his sword of honor with such black blood as yours."

And with that he whipped out his long sword, which glittered in the fire-light. John Dick turned up his lip wickedly so that we saw his teeth, and his black curly fringe of hair about his face stood out till his visage was like that of an angry ramping bull of Galloway.

There were only men in the kitchen when the fracas arose, for Mistress Tode had gone some errand for the Countess.

"Ye are surely a stark man," said John Dick, "to meld or meddle with me. Ken ye that I have wounded more men with my whinger than I have fingers on my right hand?"

"And how many may that be?" said the young man who had espoused my cause.

"Why, four," said John Dick, surprised at the question.

"Then in a little you shall have one less—and that is but three. Guard yourself!"

And there in the red dusk of the kitchen they cleared themselves for fighting, and their blades met with so stern a clash that sparks were driven from the steel. But Harburgh, my young and melancholy Dane, forced the fighting from the first, driving Dick before him round the narrow and enclosed place, countering and attacking with such dexterity and fury as I had never seen, though for years I am a sound swordsman. But such fighting I saw not—no, not in the schools which the King has set up in Edinburgh to be used instead of golf and other siclike foolish games that the men of the east side love to play in their idle folly and wantonness.

They had not gone far when my champion, using an undercut I had never seen, severed the little finger of his opponent where it overlaid the hilt, so that it fell on the floor. Whereat Sir Thomas Tode lifted it and wrapped it with care in two sheets of clean sermon paper which he took from his pocket.

But John Dick, who was a man, though a cribbed, grained, and ill-conditioned one, called a halt for a moment, and wrapped his finger in a napkin, drawing the cincture close with cord. And so he was in the act of continuing the fight, and pressing his adversary for revenge, being resolved to kill him for the affront, when, with a loud outcry, Mistress Tode rushed down the stairs, seized a huge spit, and with the sharpened end so briskly attacked both the combatants, battering them soundly about the heads, that they were compelled to desist.

And it was most comical to see the fierce and confident fighters shield their heads with their hands to ward off the blows of the stick.

"Varlets!" she cried, "I will learn you to fight and tulzie in my kitchen. Out with you," she cried, giving John Dick the sharpened end of her weapon in his wame —"out with you, for it was your de'il's temper that began the fray!"

And so, having opened the door, she fairly thrust him out. But she had not time to close it before one whom none of us had seen came within the circle of red light. It was a man of a dignified countenance dressed in black, and he held a plain staff, also of black, in his hand. On his head there was a broad hat with a cord about it. Upon his coat there was no ornament save a broad black silk collar that lay upon his shoulders, and over this again there fell a collar of fair soft linen very white and well dressed.

"What means this tumult in the house of Cassillis?" he asked, speaking as one that had authority, and had been accustomed to wield it unquestioned for many years.

Now there was not a man there but longed to ask, "And who may you be that speers?" But none answered rudely for the awe that was upon them.

Then Robert Harburgh said to him: "Sir, you ask of the tumult. It was a matter that concerns those only that fought for their own proper quarrel. It concerns neither you nor yet my Lord Cassillis, in whose house ye presently are."

"Lead me to my Lord!" he said, as one that had only to speak and the doors might be opened.

But Robert Harburgh withstood him and would not suffer him to pass.

"Let me see the Earl of Cassillis instantly!" said he.

"The Earl is at supper," said Robert Harburgh, "and cannot be disturbed."

"I will eat with him," said the stranger, calmly.

Then when some one laughed, for of custom those who ate with the Earl of Cassillis entered not by the kitchen door, he made a gesture of extraordinary contempt and yet withal of dignity.

"Go instantly," he commanded, pointing to the stair door with his finger, "and tell your master that Robert Bruce, Minister of Edinburgh, would see him in the name of the Lord and of his Highness the King of Scots."

And Robert Harburgh, who had just outflouted John Dick the ruffler, bowed before him. And as for me, I took my bonnet off my own head and saluted. For there was no one of us that had not heard of the famous and well-reputed minister to whom the King had committed the rule and governance of the realm during the half-year he was in Denmark, busy marrying of his Queen.

So, with Robert Harburgh leading and myself following, the minister passed up the stair with due attendance, and into the supper chamber where the Earl and Countess took their meal at even without speech each with the other. And when through the open door I saw the Earl welcome his guest as he would have done the King himself, and when I heard their serious and weighty conversation, the thought came to me that it was well that there were men in Scotland able to make religion to be honored. Then I laughed, thinking of the mighty difference that there was between Maister Robert Bruce, Minister of Edinburgh, and sometime ruler of Scotland, and poor Sir Thomas Tode, domestic chaplain to the Earl of Cassillis and well-pecked husband of Mary Greg, his cook.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FLITTING OF THE SOW.

It was Lammas day, and the strange wager of battle was to be fought. Maister Robert Bruce, who had composed so many quarrels, and made so many more in the doing of it, had altogether and utterly failed to compose this one. So he had passed to his friend and favorer the Laird of Bargany, who for all his soldiership was ever a great man for the honor of the Kirk. I hope that he made more of him than he made of Earl John, of whom he got nothing but fair speeches and most indifferent drink, which were in my time the staples of Cassillis.

Now Sir Thomas Kennedy, my master, could not move from his chair, how much less sit a horse, because of that old income in the knee, which in the hot season of the year caused him so much pain and trouble. Thus it fell to me to lead our small levy from the lands of Couf. We were near to the country of the Barganys, and it would not do, in the absence of an armistice, to denude our head castle of all the fighting men that were thereabout.

The morn of Lammas was one that promised to open into a day of fervent heat, for the mists rose lazily, but did not dissolve as the sun climbed the skies. Yet it was a morning that pleasured me beyond telling as I buckled on my new sword of price and rode out to fight. I am not averse from fighting, but it is the riding out in array that I chiefly love.

What a heartsome sound it was when we turned our faces towards Cassillis Yett, and saw the companies of Kennedys coming riding and running over every green knoll, the long upright men of the south who had started the night before from far Minnochside and Auchdeil, shoulder-bent shoremen that came over the edge of Brown Carrick, pikemen, spearmen, and hackbutmen, and lads with only a leathern jacket and a whinger.

When we came to Cassillis Yett, there by the road-end was Sir Thomas Tode, who was charged to tell us that my Lord had gone on with many soldiers and horsemen. They had taken also with them a trail-cart, being a box with shafts like a carriage, but without wheels, mounted on a great brush of branches and twigs, which stuck out behind and scored the ground with a thousand ruts and scratches. This was for the conveyance of the sow, which from sundawn to sunset was to be tethered in despite and contempt upon the lands of the Craufords of Kerse. For that was the wager of battle between the Kennedys and the Craufords.

The place where we found the Earl and his tethered sow was well chosen. It was a three-cornered piece of land, of which two sides were defended by the Doon Water sharply bending back upon itself, while upon the broad base of the triangle there was a moss. The beating of the drums and the playing of pipes were on all the hills; and so gay and cheerful was the scene that it might have been a fair or a weapon-shawing for the sound of merrymaking and deray that there was all about.

The Doon, that should run so red or sunset, sparkled pure and clear, and the speckled piets and pigeons scudded here and there among the coppices. We had not been long established on this tongue of land with our tethered sow when there was a crying among the outposts, and word was brought that from all the Craigs of Kyle, and from all the country of the east, the Craufords and their allies were gathering to the trysted fray.

Presently we saw them top the brae in ordered companies. It was bonny to see them stringing down the sides of the hills, going singly like cattle along a path in the steep places, and forming into squadrons and companies on the plain ground. The sunshine sifted through the thin clouds as through a sieve, and made a glittering on their war-gear, so that all the country round was lit up with little sparkling flashes of fire, like the wave-tops when the sun rises out of the eastern sea.

They had their drums also, though it was the latest of many affronts that the Kennedys had put holes in all the Crauford drums that were in the town of Ayr upon the last market-day. And this quarrel also had to be settled that day. Presently we could see all twelve of the stalwart sons leading on their vassals from the brown moors. They were a sunburnt company, because it was about the Lammas-tide, when the muirmen are wont to be out all day at the winning of the meadow hay—which is hard to grow, ill to mow, but worst of all to gather into barn, as the saying goes in the parts of the outland hills.

It was nine of the morning when the Craufords moved to the attack. All this while the sow, that was at once provocation and offence, lay upon a little mound in the midst of our camp, glunting and grumphing most filthily. The Earl had set a little snipe of a raggetty loon to stir her up with a pointed stick, so that she should not go to sleep, but should grunt and disport herself as she ought.

Being thus encouraged, the boy did his work to admiration, and the old wretch kept up such a smorking and yellyhooing that she could almost be heard from Dalrymple Kirk to the Mains of Kerse.

Then there was a pause for parley. Of this part I will not write at length, for it was for the most part but rudeness and dirtiness that were bandied about and between each party, miscalling the other for greater thieves and worse murderers than their neighbors. Even in this I do not think we had the worst of it, for John Dick (whose finger stump was well healed) spat out oaths as if for a wager; and Muckle Hugh miscalled the Craufords in a voice like thunder, as though they had been dogs that would not run aright upon the hill-sides of Kirrimore, in the dear land that looks towards Galloway.

Now I cannot say that I was keen of this quarrel. For though there was some pleasure in making a figure in the great hall at Kerse, I foresaw but a brawling of clowns and the splattering of confused fighting without honor or chivalry in this affair of swine and blundering mêlées. Yet, because I was there in the place of my knight, I could do no more than bear the brunt and abide.

Presently the Craufords came on with their horsemen first and the pikemen behind. But the first came not far, for the bog laired their horses, and they sank deeper and deeper at each step. Then the footmen came between them and charged up to our first lines, so that we were hand to hand and hard at it in a trice. It was not, however, the work of many minutes to gar them turn about and fall, for our front was solid and broad, while the hackbut-shooters had fine rests for their guns, so that on a still day they could bring a man down at thirty yards or more. A good many Craufords were already splattering like wounded water-fowl in the moss which protected our front.

After this we had time to look across the Doon Water, from which there was a crying. And lo! there on the bank stood our late guest, Maister Robert Bruce, the Minister of Edinburgh.

But our Earl was now too hot to think of courtesy, so he bade the minister stop where he was, or come over and take a pike by the end; which made me sorry, for he was a grand-looking man with his long black cloak and his noble black horse, which, they say, had once been the King's own charger.

So I took the great risk of taking the Earl aside, and urged upon him that he should call a parley and see what the minister wanted. This, very reluctantly, he did, and we could hear Maister Bruce speaking from over the Doon Water clearly, as if he had been in his own pulpit.

"In the King's name I bid you cease," he cried; "and in God's name I debar and forbid you. If ye persist, I shall deliver you to Satan, that ye may learn that it is dangerous to despise authority."

"Hoot toot, Maister Bruce, the days of curses are by with," said the Earl, "and, besides, the most of us have ta'en a heap of risks afore noo. We can e'en afford to take another."

"I wish to speak," said the minister, "with Crauford of Kerse."

"Then gang farther up the water-side and gie a cry. There's nae Craufords here be na dead anes!" said the Earl, who had his daft coat on him that day, so that we feared he had been "fey."

But the young men of the Craufords would have nothing to say to him, having, as I suspected, no goo for a minister meddling in the bickerings of men.

So he returned and asked Cassillis for one to guide him to Kerse.

"Go, Launcelot," said the Earl, "and guide him. We will keep the battle up among us till you return."

So, nothing loath to get away from gruntling horror on the knowe-top, I set Dom Nicholas's breast to the water, and was beside the minister in a trice.

As I passed up the water-side I came quite near to David Crauford the younger. He stelled up the cock of his pistol to shoot at me, but I held up my hand.

"I am going to the Kerse to see your father. Have you any word?"

For in these quiet times the friendliness and complaisance with which killing was done will scarce be believed —often with a jest, as one might say, amicably.

"To see my father?" said David across the water. "Ye'll find him bird-alone. Then tell him that we'll flit the Cassillis soo or dark yet."

He turned again to where his brothers were standing in council, looking often south and north, as though they expected some re-enforcement. Then something came into his mind.

"Gangs the minister to Kerse wi' you?" he cried, down the wind.

I told him ay.

"Then," said he, laughing, "he is likely to hear my father at his devotions."

I had at that time no inkling of David Crauford's meaning, but before all was done I learned.

So Maister Robert Bruce and I rode daintily and cannily along the river-side till we came to the ford of the mill which is beneath the house of Kerse. As we rode on our horses through the water and slowly up the bank, and even as we set our heads over the edge, we heard the loud crying of a voice that shook the air. It was just as, straying by the quiet ways, one turns the corner of a cliff and comes suddenly upon the sea edge and the roar of the waves on the shore.

As we neared the house of Kerse we noted that the words rose and fell, like the voice of a preacher who has repeated the same prayer times without number.

"Did the young man mention that his father was at his devotion? Heard ye ever tell that he was a religious person?" asked the minister of me.

I answered him no, but by all accounts the contrary. I told him that I had once been in the house of Kerse, and that none there (including myself, I might have added with truth) were greatly impressed with any overload of the Christian virtues.

When we came near we were aware of a wide and vacant house, all the doors wide open, stables and barn alike void and empty. Not so much as a dog stirring. But from the house end that looked down the water there came the crying of this great voice. Midnoon though it was, and I with the greatest minister in Scotland by my side, I declare that I felt eerie. Indeed, I have never cared for coming on a habited house that stands empty, with all the furniture of service left where the folk laid

them down, and finding no one therein. It is a place full of footfalls and whispers, and a kirk-yard at midnight is not so uncanny, at least not to my thought.

"It sounds much like a man blaspheming his Maker," said the minister.

We rode round an angle of the wall, where there was a flanking tower; and there, straight before us, sitting on a high oaken chair under a green tree, was old David Crauford of Kerse, his head thrown forward, his hands clenched, his eyes fixed on the brow of the hill over which his sons had gone, while from his mouth there came an astounding stream of oaths and cursings, of which, so far as one could grasp it, the main purpose seemed to be the sending of every Kennedy that ever drew the breath of life to the abodes of the damned.

We dismounted leisurely from our horses, and reined them loosely to the rings in the louping-off stone at the house end. Then Maister Bruce strode forward and stood in front of the old man, who had never for a moment noticed us or ceased from his earth-shaking cursings. Not until the tall and dark figure of the minister had blotted out the point of the hill towards which he looked did the old man intermit speech. Then he drew his hand slowly across his brow, and threw his head back as if to distinguish whether it were a living man who stood before him.

"I am Robert Bruce, minister of the town of Edinburgh," said my companion, "and I come from his Majesty the King of Scotland to bid you make an end of this evil and universal regardlessness that has polluted the whole country with cruelty and dissension, with public factions and private deadly feuds—"

Old David Crauford leaned forward in his chair and set his hand to his ear, as though he had not heard a word of the minister's speech.

"What say ye, man?" he cried, testily, like one who is stayed of his purpose by childish pranks.

"I say," said the minister, stoutly, "that the disquieting of the lieges with jacks, breastplates, plate-sleeves, and pistols is as much dishonoring to God as it is distasteful to his Majesty the King—"

"Hear ye me, my man? Hae ye done?" said old David, stoutly, looking at him.

"Are you a Christian man?" said the minister, sternly; "or," he added, as if on second thoughts, "a loyal subject of King James the Sixth?"

"Christian!" cried the old man, with great indignation. "Do ye speer me gin I am a Christian? Man, do ye no ken that I am an Ayrshireman? An' as for a loyal subject of King Jamie, man, I hae been fourscore year and ten in the world, and proud am I to say that threescore and sax o' them hae been at the King's Horn for rebel and outlaw—an' never a penny the waur o' either, being ever willing and able to keep my heid and haud my land again' baith prince and Providence!"

"Old man," said the minister, sternly, "ken ye that ye speak blasphemies? Know ye not that for every word ye speak God shall enter into a judgment with you?"

"Verra likely," said David Crauford, dryly. "Stand oot o' my licht, man; I canna see through ye. Gin ye dinna this pistol will enter into judgment wi' you."

The minister stepped aside; not, as I think, at all for fear of the pistol, but despairing of reaching the conscience of such a seared and battered heathen.

Suddenly the old man rose from his seat as one that sees a heavenly vision. His face appeared transfigured and shining, and, with his white hair falling on his shoulders, I declare he looked like the apostle Andrew in the window of the High Kirk of Edinburgh.

"I see him! I see him!" he cried. "He comes with the tidings of battle."

I looked where he pointed with his eyes, but could see nothing save a black dot, which seemed to rise and fall steadily. But the old man spoke the truth. It was, indeed, a swift rider making straight for the house of Kerse.

As the man came nearer we saw him spur his horse till it stumbled and fell, weary or wounded—we could not tell which. This roused David Crauford, and he shouted to the man that now came lamely on foot.

"Man, is the sow flitted?" he cried.

The man, peching and blown with his haste, could not answer till he came near.

"Is the sow flitted?" again cried the old man.

"Oh, Laird Kerse," cried the man, the tears trickling down his face, "pity on this sorrowfu' day! There has been a waesome slaughter o' your folk—ten o' them are dead—"

"Is the sow flitted?" cried the old man, louder than ever. "Can you no answer, yea or nay?"

"Oh, Kerse, hear me and weep; your braw and bonny son, Jock, the flower of Kyle, is stricken through the heart, and lies cauld and dead on the ground."

"Scoundrel, dolt, yammering calf, answer or die! Is the sow flitted?"

"The sow is flitted," cried the man. "That and no more."

The old man rose in a whirling triumph, cracking his fingers in the air with joy, like that of a boy.

"My thumb for Jock!" cried he; "the sow's flitted!"

And with that he dropped slack and senseless on his great chair.

The minister took my arm and led me to the louping-on stone.

"Come away," he said, sadly; "it is no use. Ephraim hath been too long joined to his idols. Let him alone. The Word of God is made of none effect in Kyle and Carrick."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POISON IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE work of the politicians in organizing the men in the civil service, for political purposes, is one of the most important and perhaps sensational movements of the present day in our country. It has been going on all over the land, and it is a matter of surprise to those who are watching it that it has not long before this been brought to the attention of the public. Very shrewdly the politicians have either engineered or encouraged the movement by appealing to the selfish interests of the men concerned by assuring them that such combinations would enable them to get increases of salary, diminution of their hours of work per day, or some such gain. They have in this wise worked upon not only several bodies of men in the Federal employment, but upon the policemen and firemen in the larger cities in different parts of the country.

Sooner or later they have urged the organizations to intrench their members in their places by assailing the power of department heads to dismiss subordinates. For every benefit desired the men have been taught to disregard the authority of their superiors and the discipline of the departments, and to seek their favors above the heads of their superiors, from Congress, the common councils, or the Legislatures. The craftiness of the politicians is best seen in their work of urging these clerks, firemen, and constables to raise corruption funds in order to obtain laws making it very difficult for department heads to dismiss subordinates. The unions have worked with a will for this gain, and with greater or less success, all over the land. Doubtless each civil servant who has contributed for the support of a lobby to put such legislation through has thought solely of his own measure of profit in his added security upon the public pay-rolls. But the politicians have not for a moment lost sight of the fact that by thus intrenching these servants in their places the "machines" have won a present claim upon the gratitude of the men, and a future opportunity to handle the organizations in politics—to secure their votes *en bloc* by little more effort than was formerly needed to gain the single votes of individuals.

The very politicians who opposed the recent reforms in the civil service now abet the placemen in riveting themselves upon the rolls of office. Mr. Curtis and all the other leaders in the reform movement saw to it that access to the public service should be guarded by many wise provisions. They jealously watched the entrances, to see that only such as seemed qualified should enter, but left the exits open, in order that unfitness or incompetency should be met with dismissal. Their only caution at the exits was such as enabled them to protect experienced and deserving men against the insecurity of dependence upon partisan preference and prejudice.

As this was a blow at the spoils system, the politicians opposed it. They had been used to turning people's servants out by wholesale for no offence beyond a difference in politics. Now they have seen the new system take root wide and deep, and, forgetful of their former spoils doctrine, in derision of all that they have held sacred, they seek to rivet the men in their places, to keep them beholden and to use them. This is a proud commentary upon the improvement that has taken place in the grade of men who have been elevated to the higher places in the general and local governments and in the public view of these matters. It shows that the politicians have had their hold weakened upon the spoils to an extent that has distressed them, and set them to straining their wits to offset the loss in some way. But they still manage Congress and the Legislatures, and therefore they urge the place-holders to ignore the heads of departments (who feel their responsibility to the people), and to direct their selfish operations to themselves—the politicians—in the council halls. There they promise them security in place regardless of fitness and competency.

These same politicians prated of the formation of a Chinese aristocracy when the civil-service reform movement began. In place of that imagined aristocracy they seek to create a tyranny. They are creating for the place-holders a vested right in the places. Discipline is being consigned to the dogs, and the responsibility of the men in charge of the departments is greatly impaired.

In Governor Flower's term at Albany the New York police went to the Legislature to obtain increased salaries for the patrolmen and roundsmen. The bill was passed and became a law. According to common belief a large sum of money was raised within the force to meet the expense of putting this bill through the Legislature, which was no more honest than other Legislatures, to say the least. Last year a much-discussed reorganization bill affecting that force carried the new plan of the politicians one step further along by giving the right of trial and appeal to policemen whom the commissioners may seek to dismiss. The Lexow bill did not include this provision, and in discussing that omission the Albany *Argus*, in an article said to have been inspired "by a very conspicuous politician," disclosed the interest that politicians feel in fastening place upon its possessors, as well as the remarkable argument their weak position forces them to rely upon. This is the article. It is not a literary curio, but a genuine reflection of the temper of the men in the organized civil service and of those who seek to use them in politics:

"THE RIGHT OF APPEAL.

"There never was a more dangerous law than the feature of the Lexow police reorganization bill denying to accused policemen the right of appeal, which, thanks to the determined and courageous attitude of three Republican Senators, has apparently been finally and permanently defeated. This attempted denial of a right granted to murderers, to the vilest and lowest criminals, was the result in part of partisan desire for a clean sweep, and in part of an excited and unhealthy condition of mind of certain good citizens, who honestly believed that extraordinary and dangerous legislation of this kind was warranted by circumstances they exaggerated and conditions they imagined to exist. When this excitement has calmed, and the possibilities of precedent wrapped up in this vicious bill are fully grasped, none will be quicker to realize (though they may not acknowledge) the narrowness of the escape from a most dangerous condition of things than these good citizens.

"Consider the proposal of the Lexow bill: The unlimited power to remove the present force, without hearing, charges, or appeal, was to be vested in police commissioners. Men who had served the city long and faithfully, who had stood between it and the mob as bravely as ever soldiers stood in battle, were to be cashiered arbitrarily, for some minor delinquency, or for no cause whatever, at the whim of this lay court. No such arbitrary power is tolerable in this country, save perhaps in time of war or grave emergency. This notion of some citizens that political changes create an "emergency" sufficient to warrant the subversion of usage, of orderly procedure, and of constitutional acts by constituted authorities, and the enactment of dangerous special laws, is of itself far more dangerous than any political machine or political machination. It is a menace to the present and future alike.

"If the police force of New York city needs weeding out, ample power to do so exists. If charges that will not stand judicial review do not exist, there can be no very serious trouble."

At about the time when this editorial was published a Senate committee in Albany was investigating charges of bribery against certain Senators, who were accused by the *Press* of New York with having acted corruptly in respect of a certain bribery fund said to have been raised by the New York firemen for the purpose of securing an increase of pay over the heads of the Fire Commissioners. Whatever else was proved, or not proved, there is in the public mind no doubt that in 1893 and 1894 the firemen raised large funds to be used as might be necessary in obtaining more money in wages, though, like nearly all the firemen and policemen of the cities of this country, they are paid more than men of their grade could earn at other occupations.

At the other end of the State the civil servants have been no less mindful of the advantages that may be gained by appealing to councils and Legislatures for what their superiors would not and could not give them, and for what will prove prejudicial to the discipline and effectiveness of the service in which they are employed.

A combination of the Buffalo Central Labor Union and the police was made for compelling the adoption of what is called the three-platoon system, or, in other words, the introduction of the eight-hour system. This was done by mandatory legislation at Albany, against the protests of the Police Commissioners and the Mayor, and by the combination referred to. An attempt made during the winter of 1894-5 by the Commissioners, Superintendent, and Mayor to obtain a modification of the system was defeated by this same mischievous "combine." An attorney or lobbyist was employed by the patrolmen, and he, with representatives of the trades unions, virtually intimidated members of the Common Council into refusing to approve a bill modifying the three-platoon system. This has necessitated an increase of the police force and of taxation.

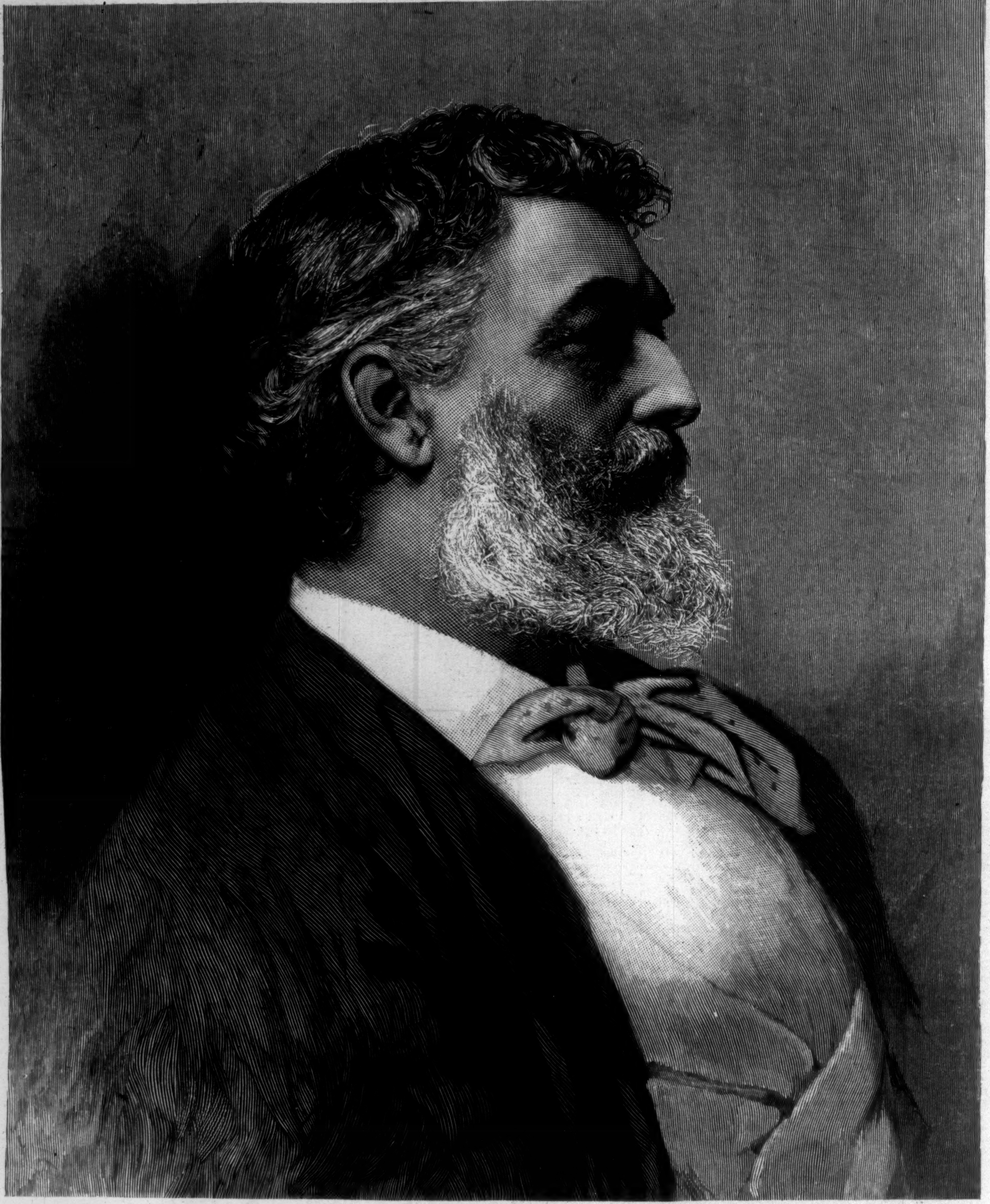
The Buffalo letter-carriers are known to have sympathized with the insubordination of the police and of the firemen in working for legislative favors, and men in Buffalo have said to me that they would not be surprised at any time to hear that the rank and file of the Federal employés were raising money to assist the municipal servants, or *vice versa*. Certainly that would not be as extraordinary or as big with possible evil as what has already taken place in Buffalo. I refer to the fact that more than once the central body of the organized workmen of the city has passed resolutions of sympathy with the police, and on a recent occasion representatives of the laborers appeared before the Common Council in behalf of the police. What such active sympathy as that might mean to the citizens of Buffalo in times of riots, strikes, and organized violence the reader may determine for himself.

In Buffalo, too, the school-teachers have been at work to secure legislation providing that when the city enters into a contract with them for their services this contract is permanent, and no teacher shall be dismissed except upon charges and with a right to a hearing, and the further right of appeal to the Mayor.

In Cleveland the police have not yet imbibed the poison of the new spirit of such bodies. They have obtained a maximum rate of pay of $1000 a year by working upon the sympathy of the Common Council, and they are already protected in the almost vested right to draw this much larger sum than most of them could earn by the provision that they must be tried upon written charges before the commissioners. In Chicago, this past winter, the police had a bill before the Illinois Legislature for placing them under the operation of the civil service rules, so as to limit the power of their superiors to dismiss them, and also to fix their salaries, which are now determined year by year by the common council. There is no charge that they raised a corruption fund, but they raised perhaps $5000 by canvassing the force for voluntary contributions to meet the expenses of employing counsel and of their committee in travelling to and from the capital. In view of what has been done elsewhere this can but be looked upon as a step in a seriously wrong direction. Especially was it such because they acted thus solely to forestall the excellent civil service bill which they knew was before the Legislature, and which has, in spite of them, been passed and adopted by popular vote as part of the municipal law of Chicago. A recent Mayor had subjected the members of the force to a strict examination as to their competency, and they feared that the popular reform bill would order another iron-clad examination. Popular preference was behind the bill, but the police influenced the Legislature to such an extent that no examination of the policemen appointed before July 1st, the date of operation of the new civil service law, was ordered. I do not know it to be a fact, but I believe that they also gained for themselves the clause strengthening them against their superiors in cases where they offend the rules of the department. Certain it is that the new regulation is that a policeman (or any civil servant) cannot be dismissed except upon written charges tried before the Civil Service Commission, or before some officer or board appointed by the commission. In that provision the poison of the present spreading evil is apparently seen to have reached Chicago. It is said that the new requirement contemplates the appointment of a trial board of citizens—three in number, I was told—whenever there is business for such a board.

The police, or some of them, in Chicago have also been furthering an amendment to the laws to rearrange their pensions so that when a policeman retires or is retired he shall get fifty dollars a month, regardless of his rank. This is the project of such men as have little hope, and less ambition. It is not favored by their superiors; but

(Continued on page 134.)



LORD LEIGHTON.

THE President of the British Royal Academy, Frederick Leighton, died January 25th. Lord Leighton, much better known as Sir Frederick Leighton, has been for forty years past the most considerable figure in the art world of the British Empire. With artistic talents that won him recognition on the first appearance of his work at an exhibition, he was gifted with a charming personality and a receptive intelligence. As the opportunities came he was able to take advantage of them, and so he grew in strength and in popularity with the years. Born at Scarborough in 1830, of well-to-do parents, who recognized the bent of his tastes while he was still a child, he began preparations for his life work when he was eleven years old. His parents, happening at that time to be in Rome, placed him under the tuition of Francesco Meli. Later he studied at the Royal Academy of Berlin, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and at Florence. In 1845 he returned to Florence with his parents, and it is recorded that the last lingering doubt in the father's mind as to the talents of the son were removed by the commendation of young Leighton's work by the American sculptor Hiram Powers. From this time until he was twenty-two the young man studied in Frankfort, Brussels, and Paris, and then went to Rome.

He worked in Rome for several years, and there attracted the notice of Thackeray, who in 1854 wrote as follows in a letter to Millais:

"Millais, my boy, I have met in Rome a versatile young dog called Leighton, who will one of these days run you hard for the Presidentship."

Millais, a year Leighton's senior, had at that time just been elected an Associate of the Academy. In 1855 Leighton exhibited his first picture at the Academy. It was called "Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence." The work attracted universal attention, and was most highly commended by the critics and connoisseurs. The Queen purchased the picture, and exhibited it in various cities of England. From this time forth his career was an uninterrupted success. Among the notable works that he exhibited may be mentioned: "The Triumph of Music," "Paolo and Francesca," "The Odalisque," "Ariadne," "Wedded," "Hercules wrestling with Death," "The Harvest-Moon," "The Daphnephoria," "Cymon and Iphigeneia," "Andromache," "The Bath of Psyche," "Spanish Dancing-Girl," "Star of Bethlehem," "Venus disrobing for the Bath," and "Jonathan's Token to David."

In 1864 he was made an Associate of the Academy, and five years later was elected an Academician. In 1877 his picture of an "Athlete struggling with a Python" was bought for the Academy for two thousand guineas, under the Chantrey bequest; and the next year, on the death of Sir Frederick Grant, he was chosen President of the Academy. He was also knighted by the Queen. It is considered in England that the Royal Academy never had a more brilliant presiding officer. In 1886 he was created a Baronet, and at the beginning of this year he was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Leighton.

Leighton was not one of the great masters of painting, as he had serious limitations of imagination and passion. In color, too, his work was somewhat thin and cold, but, owing to his intellectual capacity and technical skill, he accomplished quite remarkable results. Many of Leighton's works have been exhibited in this country. His "Hercules wrestling with Death," at the World's Fair in Chicago, and his portrait of the actress Dorothy Dene, at the Women's Portrait Show in New York, will be especially recalled.

THE TROUBLES IN ARMENIA—A PARTY OF ARMED KURDS ESCORTING A WOUNDED ARMENIAN PRISONER THROUGH A MOUNTAIN PASS.—DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

(*Continued from page 131.*)

these do not oppose it, because they do not believe it will become the law. The police pension system in Chicago needs changing, yet not in that way.

But it is when we turn to the Federal service that we see worse effects or phases of the evil than I have yet pointed out, or, rather, worse phases than any except the collusion between the working-men and municipal servants in Buffalo to overthrow discipline and to exact more money than the latter could earn in private employ. The letter-carriers, the postal clerks, and the clerks in the railway mail service have all been besieging Congress, for a longer or shorter time, for reclassification of the grades of men in those bureaus, or for more money, or for security against dismissal. The letter-carriers, petted beyond any class of workmen ever since Sunset Cox began the flattery, have actually sought to take the power of dismissal entirely out of the Post-office Department. In the Fifty-third Congress they introduced a bill providing that when charges were made against one of them a commission should inquire into the complaint, and if it was proved that the offence did not warrant dismissal he should not be disturbed. Their committees were instructed to go to all the newspapers of the land to ask for editorial help—or "for more petting," as a Western editor expresses it.

In regard to the postal clerks who have been clamoring before Congress for a reclassification bill, it is not denied that they have organized, have raised large sums of money, and have had the zealous assistance of certain Congressmen and Senators who are adept politicians, and see the usefulness of putting so large a body of men under obligation to them and the party to which they belong. It is the opinion of one postmaster to whom I have spoken that the present situation is unjust to the men. They have urged reclassification for years, have been supported by every Postmaster-General, and still have been disregarded by Congress. According to this authority, the highest salaries are not now too high for the few who get them, and when the desired change is made they will not be too high for any. If this is the case, it is a pity that the men do not obtain their wish, but this kindly feeling is not strengthened by the final sentence that the postmaster spoke in championing the men. "Now," said he, "they have found that the department cannot grant their demands, that when they have gone above the department to Congress it has not done so. So *they are going to read the riot act to Congress, and are going to remind the Congressmen that they have votes and know how to use them!*"

"Reading the riot act" is one of the early resources of organized civil servants in these days. The men in the railway mail service engaged in reading the riot act to Postmaster-General Bissell, and in such a way that those who most admired him were unable to see how he could have resigned his office with satisfaction to himself until he had made shocking examples of the ringleaders of the mutiny. They should have been so summarily and so sternly dealt with that the evil would have been nipped in the bud; for, as I read the records, it is evident that not all the men in the railway mail service are yet corrupted or are acting in the manner that I am going, not to describe, but to let them describe in their own language. The reader will notice when he comes to it that at a certain point in their game the malcontent politicians who were leading this particular riot against authority and order became disturbed lest the excesses of their fellows should keep the better element in this branch of the service from supporting them. It is to be inferred, therefore, that the better element has not yet lost its decency.

Among the civil service reformers who knew of it, and among all the officials of the Post-office Department, an utterance in the *Bugle* of Chicago, on March 7, 1895, excited great surprise and indignation. The *Bugle*, now called the *Railway Mail*, is the official weekly organ of the National Railway Postal Clerks' Association. It is a small eight-page journal, issued from an office room in a building on Dearborn Street. The utterance that created the sensation to which I refer was a declaration on behalf of the clerks that thereafter they would deal with Congress for their needs, "independent of the department."

From that day onward this official organ of the clerks was watched, and it was found to contain no retraction of the article in question, no word of contrition or regret; nothing but a continued insistence on the point it had made, in editorials, in letters to the editor, and in special articles. The names of men in the employ of the department continued to be signed in the paper, the names being both those of officials of their labor organization and of mere men in its ranks. Government officials expressed surprise that not a single dismissal from the service followed the adoption of this insulting and rebellious course on the part of the employés.

This lawlessness had nothing to do with the disappointment of the men over the failure to obtain the reclassification for which they were raising funds and maintaining a lobby and counsel. It grew out of a much smaller matter.

On June 2, 1894, the department ordered that after May 1, 1895, all railway mail clerks shall reside on the routes on which they are employed. It was claimed by those who opposed the order in Congress that it affected about 500 of the nearly 7000 clerks—five hundred who had purchased homes and were living off the roads on which they made their runs. As the case was put by Mr. Stone, Congressman of Pennsylvania, "for many, many years these officials have lived off their routes, and it remains for this Postmaster-General to discover that he must separate families and sacrifice property in order to perform the duties of the postal service." Messrs. Wilson of West Virginia and Dunphy of New York, in calm and temperate language, very briefly stated the case to be merely an effort on the part of the Postmaster-General to promote the efficiency of the railway mail service. They showed that Mr. Bissell early discovered that the best interests of the service were impaired by the fact that some of the clerks lived at a distance from their routes. There were 1300 of these, and the department issued an order giving them eleven months' notice of the proposed reform. All but 260 of the 1300 at once complied with the order, and the question became one between the convenience of 260 clerks and the general efficiency of the service." Mr. Dunphy held that "if Congress allowed itself to be swayed by sentiment in this matter it would be *a disastrous blow to the general discipline and efficiency of the Post-office and almost every other Department.* These 260 or 270 postal clerks will all be able to 'laugh up their sleeves' at a thousand or more clerks who have already obeyed the order; and hereafter, whenever a Postmaster-General or any other official in charge of one of the departments of the government desires to promote the efficiency of his department by the issuance of some order affecting the various employés to which individual clerks or some of them are opposed, they will be found coming to the members on this floor and pleading with them to have such order set aside. I cannot conceive of a more mischievous action for the House to take; and whether my sympathies are with the clerks or not—and I regret exceedingly that it was found necessary on the part of the Postmaster-General to issue this order—notwithstanding that my sympathies may be with some of these men, yet I feel that there is a duty which we must perform."

"It seems to me," said the present Postmaster-General, then a Congressman, "that it would be a very dangerous precedent for Congress to interfere in a matter of discipline in one of the departments, and that is what Congress is now invoked to do."

Such language and such arguments were met by the champions of the clerks on the floor by the trashiest stock and threadbare arguments and illustrations. Congress was told of a clerk with an invalid daughter who ought not to be moved, of the everlasting and irrepressible veterans of the war who are clerks, and "who deserve better treatment at the hands of the government they fought to save"; of the fear that hereafter clerks must put their homes on wheels and drag them wherever the department ordered; of the violation of the liberty of the citizen in being told by government where he shall live; of the outrage of "depriving" of their homes men who earned them by risking their lives in the most dangerous service that there is. Finally, it remained for Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois, to say: "This is a matter which these men should be left to determine for themselves. If their efficiency were affected in the least by their residence at other places upon the lines on which they are employed, they would be the first to discover it."

The Senate had discussed the question with much the same even distribution of sense and nonsense, and had amended the bill so as to permit all clerks then in the service to live where they were, without compliance with the needed reform and the discipline of the department, but compelling future appointees to the service to comply with the order. This mode of treating the case was adopted by the House, and the refractory clerks, the politicians, and the organ of the clerks openly rejoiced at the blow that had been dealt to the discipline of a great branch of the service.

Postmaster-General Bissell next issued an order compelling the railway clerks to surrender their railway passes, and thus, by another means, obliged the men to be within call and on hand where their duties demanded. This order carried consternation into the ranks of the malcontents who had lobbied and spent money to be able to disobey and defy the heads of the department. The *Bugle*, as usual, voiced the insubordination of the men. "If they were entitled to their passes before Congress acted, they are, by the same right, entitled to them now," it said. "We think the department is running contrary to Congressional action. If Congress was still in session the matter would not go unnoticed by that body."

In the next issue the *Bugle* (its title then changed to the *Railway Mail*) continued to exert its demoralizing influence, in this wise:

> "It makes our blood boil to note the manner in which the department keeps 'hounding' the railway postal clerks. Not content with its undignified, discourteous, and outrageous rulings against the liberties and privileges which clerks are constitutionally entitled to, it is endeavoring to counteract the strong public feeling of indignation against it through the aid of the Associated Press." (This reference is to a press despatch acquainting the public with the formation of a "powerful combination of postal employés designed to bring pressure upon Congress to overturn certain rules of the department.")
>
> "Very few men will be driven away from their homes by this action of the department. They will pay their fare, satisfied that Congress will be abundantly able to take care of itself and them.
>
> "Every clerk who is compelled to pay his fare to and from his home should take, in every instance, a receipt from the conductor of the amount paid. There may be a chance some day of getting it back again. *There is a way, thank God, of making the department do things that they do not want to;* and in this matter of transportation Congress will see that the matter is adjusted." (The italics are mine.)

If the department did expose the combination of its clerks against its authority, which is in all probability not the case, it also brought itself under the deserved displeasure of all who love order and justice by failing to make examples of all of its employés who were writing for this paper, and who were known to be in its editorial council.

Amid all the excitement among the politicians and their tools, the rebellious clerks, the plain facts in the case, as explained by Superintendent Troy, of the Chicago Post-office, sounded strangely, so completely did they justify the action of the department, and reveal the pressing need there had been for its wholly businesslike and sensible course in insisting that its clerks should be within call of where they were detailed to work. I quote from an article in the Chicago *Tribune* of March 6th. The superintendent was interviewed about the order calling in the railroad passes held by the clerks:

> "'It serves them right,' Superintendent Troy said. 'They would have fared better had they not gone before Congress and got what they wanted. They got it, to be sure, and the department is not running counter to any Congressional action. It simply had another way of compelling railway mail clerks to live at accessible points.'
>
> "According to Mr. Troy, the action of the department a few months ago, in ordering all railway mail clerks to reside at some accessible point on the railroad over which they ran, was due to an abuse in the service which had been steadily growing for many years. Many clerks, apparently for no other purpose, took up their residence at points where it was impossible to reach them in case of emergency. One clerk had settled down on a farm fourteen miles from a railroad. Several had gone to farming five to ten miles from a telegraph office. At Lincoln, Nebraska, where there are six railroads with a large force of clerks, only one clerk resided in the town. He got tired of working overtime, and after saying he was 'tired,' he, too, moved out.
>
> "From the prevailing sentiment among the officials, it is certain the latest order will be strictly enforced, and has become the permanent rule of the service. Further resistance may result in removal. In all, Superintendent Troy believes there will now be not over twenty-five cases of genuine hardship in compelling the clerks to remove to accessible points. With all the others it is more a matter of choice and social surroundings than of any direct loss."

I have said that the rebellious attitude of the men toward the department was continued after what they called their *Bugle* blast, on March 7, 1895, when they declared themselves resolved to act independent of the department. It is of value to the reader to know that every quotation from their organ which I introduce in this paper is of later date than the time of that demoralizing proclamation. The quotations nearly all reflect the present attitude of the men. Here are a few:

> "'Love your enemies'; but there isn't much love existing between the 'boys' and 'high muck-a-mucks' in these days."
>
> "'Now,' says a clerk, in a letter to the editor, 'let all clerks with a spark of their former manhood about them do a little retaliating. We all know that every inch of advance in the railway mail service has been the result of the active gray matter which oozes from beneath the dust-stained, smoke-grimed caps of the 'privates,' the rank and file. .... Now, men, why not relax your strife for better records and better service; make it a 'makeshift' until another situation can be had. When you see a chance to improve the service, shut your eyes and say nothing—in short, turn the grand army of alert, watchful, quick-witted men into exactly what your superiors treat you as, a lot of 'shirking,' 'kicking,' 'thieving' bums."

Another clerk writes to ask: "Who makes the law of this country, Congress or a few pygmies temporarily in office in Washington? *The same influence which causes the great railroad strikes now govern us*, and our spirits rebel as do the spirits of those who are oppressed in railroad service.... I hear this, 'Well, what are you going to do about it?'" (The order calling in the clerks' passes.) "That's the rub. Our R. P. C. Association ought to include every man in the ranks—no officials. This crime ought to be an association affair."

The editor of the paper, who at about this time declared that he had left "the road" (presumably the service) in order to run the paper, called the attention of the association to the fact that he had "an opportunity to say a word or two this week," and he "rather guessed the words are hot enough." Here are some of them:

> "It is high time that the heads of the department were doing something towards restoring confidence and good-will among the clerks, instead of continuing to create dissension and bitter animosity—for the latter is prevalent in all sections. The public demands good service, and if the officials continue to instil their venomous purposes of carrying out their wishes regardless of the affairs of the clerks it will have a demoralizing effect on the service. It is the clerks who make good service. Officials who interfere with it ought to be 'fired.'"

With respect to the organized effort to reclassify the railway mail service the editor says:

> "It has been practically and fully demonstrated that the heads of the P. O. D., including the R. M. S., used their influence to kill the bill, besides its arbitrary and tyrannical course toward the welfare of clerks. Again it was forcibly demonstrated that clerks could carry legislation through Congress, the wishes of the P. O. D. to the contrary notwithstanding. Hereafter all efforts for legislation will be pushed independently of the department. A new bill has been introduced, and was published in this paper last week; it omits the 'not exceed' clause. President Blackmer, who fought faithfully and ably for the cause, but is not discouraged over defeat, is determined that there shall be another attack—on a new line. *The Railway Mail* is confident that the policy outlined by him will meet with general acceptance and a hearty co-operation by clerks. Since this paper is issued weekly, and the editor being free from official strings, it is in better shape to aid the cause. We are satisfied now that the coming struggle will have a strong support from all divisions, and that the course of the department has really done good by uniting clerks in a determination that in the future their cause will not be placed in its hands."

President W. W. Blackmer, of the National Association of Railway Postal Clerks, in this same issue published a statement that the association was endeavoring to perfect its organization so that before December 1st every Senator and member of Congress will be "pledged to not only support but work for our salary bill." He said that in addition he wanted petitions and memorials from every city and town council and board of trade addressed to Congress urging the passage of the bill. A reclassification of the service had been recommended by the department ever since 1888, but as the department has been unable to procure the desired legislation, "why not make one effort on your own account? There is nothing to fear, nothing to lose, and a great deal to gain."

This appeal was dated March 22, 1895. Four days later, in its very face, he wrote to the Postmaster-General complaining of the newspaper statement that the clerks had entered into a conspiracy to operate upon Congress. Mr. Blackmer is himself a clerk in the government employ, and yet he says in his complaint to the Postmaster-General that he has "spent nearly two years in legislative work," and as a result has found that the simultaneous efforts of the post-office clerks and the railway postal clerks to get reclassification caused a strife for precedence before Congress, with the result that neither body got the consideration it merited. The letter-carriers were also before Congress with a third bill, and he suggested the desirability of uniting behind a common Omnibus Bill. All parties agreed, and such a bill (H. R. 8987) is now introduced. Blackmer repeats to the Postmaster-General (Bissell) a talk he had with General Superintendent White, of the department—a talk which exposes the corruption of the service as fully as anything its worst critic could expect to discover:

> "I said we had accepted the old bill against the wishes of the clerks, expecting and depending upon department influence to have it enacted; that we had worked in accordance with the wishes of the department; but the bill had failed, because, as stated by our friends in the Senate, the department failed us; therefore, as there was nothing to be gained by depending upon the department, we would claim the same privilege granted the others and adopt a specific salary bill. If the department opposed us, we realized it would be necessary to employ a professional lobbyist, but as the bill would appeal directly to the sympathies of all railway postal clerks, it would be easier to raise five dollars from each individual than it had been to raise one dollar for the old bill.
>
> "I beg to call your attention to the fact that I spoke of a lobbyist as a representative of the railway postal clerks alone, because the Hon. Gen'l Supt. had intimated the department would oppose the railway mail service part of the Omnibus Bill; therefore, under the circumstances, a railway postal clerk could not consistently take up the fight. Also that I only referred to the money to be raised by the railway postal clerks, and I did not claim each clerk would pay, or was expected to pay, five dollars. Only that it would be easier to raise that amount than one dollar heretofore, and in consideration of the fact that it has been an exceedingly difficult matter to raise one dollar each from one-quarter of the railway postal clerks. I can assure you I did not anticipate a very large 'corruption fund.'"

This to a Postmaster-General from a clerk in the department, on behalf of a combination or association of clerks banded to obtain advantages independent of the department, is as extraordinary a document, it seems to me, as ever found its way into the correspondence of a member of the government.

Blackmer is constantly in evidence in the columns of his official organ. Between March 7th and April 4th the editor and his correspondents enjoyed a lively time in attacking the Postmaster-General, the Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, and all the other "pygmies" above their heads, even including President Cleveland, against whose honesty they published insinuations in connection with a scandalous suggestion that the railroads controlled certain officials in the Post-office Department. But on April 4th Blackmer evidenced uneasiness over this carnival of abuse by publishing an "admonition."

He wrote to his fellow-members of the association: "Your representatives at Washington, whether paid lob-

byists or postal clerks, will be obliged to depend upon the department for certain privileges and courtesies that can only be granted by department officials, and you will only embarrass them and make their duties more arduous," etc. Besides, he says in substance, as it is necessary to stand together in a better organization than at present, the association must attract to itself the best element of the service, and yet to fight the department will drive away this one element that can bring strength. "*We are entitled to our own opinions, as well as those higher in authority*," he writes, "and if their opinion effects [*sic*] us, as a class, we have the American right of petition, and can appeal to Congress to decide upon the merits of the case."

On April 10th he was out with a letter of more than three and a half columns' length, "to all railway postal clerks," bidding them prepare for the fight in the next Congress, and telling them that unless all sunk their differences "there will be no sense in spending our money on a lobbyist or a Washington delegation."

On May 2d he leaped into the public view again, with a shout of triumph (and a call for contributions). The letter was to "all clerks," and was headed,

SEND TWO DOLLARS TO THE NATIONAL CAPITAL BANK OF WASHINGTON, D.C., AT ONCE.

Postmaster-General Bissell had resigned, and the Hon. W. L. Wilson had taken his place. Apparently Blackmer fancied that he had captured the new "pygmy" at the head of the department, for he said, "Have just returned from Washington, and wish to announce that the Post-office Department will back up the National Association in its efforts to pass a reclassification bill." He concluded with this more important appeal, pathetically characteristic of most letters to organized labor:

"We need money now to carry on the organization work; so please *remit two dollars direct to that institution*" (National Capital Bank of Washington) "*at once. Stop mud-slinging, and commence* to hustle for yourselves as though you meant business."

The italics are his own.

Though he announced that the department favored the demands of the men, he asked, in the same breath, for money with which to carry on the pressure upon Congress, still independent of the department. The history of the lobbying of the various sorts of clerks in the Post-office Department alone is an amazing chapter of the history of our country.

THE LITERARY GOSSIP.

I do not know what Byron wrote—
  No time to read I've had;
But he's the man whose foot was clubbed,
  And morally was bad.

I've never read up Shakespeare—
  I have too much work for that:
But I am quite familiar
  With his tendency to "bat."

I don't recall a single bit
  Of Mr. Shelley's rhyme,
But he's the man who tried to have
  Two spouses at one time.

They say that Pope was pretty good—
  I've never seen his work;
But he's the humpbacked fellow
  With a tongue just like a dirk.

I've not perused a line of Poe,
  But I know what I think:
He is the man that couldn't write
  Until he'd had a drink.

And so, you see, upon the whole,
  I've really somehow got
A good idea of all the queer
  And literary lot.

And while I could not lecture quite
  To please the learnèd mind,
I sort of think I'd captivate
  The "Sewing Circle" kind.

So, Dorcases, take notice:
  You can help a struggling mate
By subscribing to her lectures
  "On the Failings of the Great."

SIR WALTER BESANT'S PROPOSED ANGLO-AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

Several things have occurred of late to remind the writer of an interesting conversation with Sir Walter Besant last summer. For one thing, the talk of a possible embroilment with Great Britain over the Venezuela boundaries; for another, the home-coming of numerous friends, full of the sights of London, and utterly empty of any intercourse with its inhabitants. In a great city, speaking a common tongue, reading a common literature with them, the fact that they were aliens was more impressed upon them than in Paris or Dresden or Florence.

On a dull, rainy August day, when London was at its emptiest and its dullest, the writer confessed some such experience to Sir Walter Besant. All around us were maps and plans and pictures and documents to be used in his gigantic new "Survey of London." There is probably no man living who knows his London so well. He spoke of how faithfully Americans explored its monuments. "Just now London is full of them. I see them every year," he said, with friendly regret, "going about the country from hotel to hotel, and they never have a chance of finding out for themselves how English people live and talk in their private houses."

His visitor owned to a more intimate acquaintance with English people in books than out of them, always excepting the British bobby, the British cabby, and the British lodging-house keeper. Then Sir Walter briefly outlined a plan for an Anglo-American Institute, which was to set this matter right. It was no new idea with him, but one he had long had in mind for paving the way to better acquaintance between the two peoples. He thought "if such a club could have for supporters a number of people of various occupations and pursuits, there might be some kind of rough choice for selection, that literary men would like to meet men of their own pursuit, and so on." He thought, also, that English members would willingly throw open their drawing-rooms, where American visitors could meet numbers of English people. It was pointed out to him that it would be extreme benevolence in those having already their own social circle to go to such trouble for strangers. But he replied that the kind of Americans who would belong to such a club would be acquisitions to any circle—from which one drew flattering conclusions as to his acquaintances in our country. There should, of course, be but few Americans invited at a time, the object being for them not to meet their own compatriots, but his. Moreover, there should be reciprocity: similar clubs formed in America for the benefit of visiting Englishmen. The club would not be, he said, a place for Americans who wanted "to meet duchesses"—a class which he evidently imagined more numerous than it is.

The names of some Americans resident in London were run over as possible members: Henry James, Harold Frederic, Joseph Pennell, Sargent, and others, as well as those of clever English writers or actors like Irving with a known liking for Americans. There may be weak points in the plan, but as a whole it seemed big and earnest and hospitable enough to commend itself to honest folk on both sides of the sea. The following letter explains it more fully:

"Survey of London," 4 Soho Square, *August* 7, 1895.

Dear Miss MacDougall,—You ask me for further details regarding the scheme which we discussed yesterday.

It exists as yet only in imagination, and I do not know whether it will ever get established, for reasons which I will presently give you. It has always been my most earnest desire to see something done—something done continually and resolutely—towards the establishment of more cordial relations between Americans and ourselves. When I visited the States—too short a visit, alas!—in 1893, I was more and more impressed with the dream of a great, solid confederacy between all the English-speaking races—a confederacy that shall give each state or union of states its own independent sovereignty, yet bind all together. Thus Australia would be one union of independent states; South Africa another; New Zealand another; India another; the Far East another; Canada, perhaps, another; the United States another. Where the central government would be fixed, if it were fixed at all, seems to me of no importance. The fact would remain that such a union would be stronger than any possible combination that could be brought against it, and that it would be a permanent force always making steadily for order and civilization.

This is a dream, but it pleases me to think that in the years to come it will become a reality. Indeed, I cannot conceive of any intelligent person wishing either to separate our race into hostile camps, or to unite them under one form of government forced upon all. Sooner or later we must be united in a confederacy of equal states.

Let us meantime do our utmost to cultivate cordial and friendly relations between ourselves. And I told you how, in some small way, we might, in my opinion, do something. What I propose is not a great thing, but yet something, and, I believe, a feasible thing.

At this season London is full of American tourists: they land in Liverpool; they work their way south, visiting places of interest; they go through London, guide-book in hand, diligently. They go to the theatres and the picture-galleries, the churches, castles, ruins, and great houses. They see the whole of England—except one part of it. They see nothing of the people; they do not enter an English house; they do not get known to any English people; they do not learn what we are like in our own homes; they go away strengthened in their previous prejudices, or else having evolved the typical Englishman from seeing him in the street or in the omnibus. In the street, I am sorry to say, he is sometimes drunk; in the omnibus he is sometimes boorish. What I propose is designed to remedy this to a certain extent—I own, a very limited extent.

I think that people of culture and education, speaking the same language and practically governed by the same ideas, the same religion, the same institutions, must desire to know each other. It ought, therefore, to be feasible to establish here and in other English towns—in New York and in other American towns—a kind of club which should be called the Anglo-American or some other title. It would work in some such way as the following:

1. The English members of it would all belong to the professions. That is to say, they would be divines, lawyers, physicians, surgeons, men and women of letters and of science, architects, artists of all kinds, actors, journalists, and so forth.

The intention of such a limitation is to give the institute from the outset a certain stamp of serious aims. Those Americans who wish to join what is called "smart" society would not come to the club, nor would the club assist those who are chiefly anxious to know people with hereditary titles.

2. We should receive all Americans *recommended* by similar institutions in the States, who also belonged to the professions.

What would the club do?

1. It would be in every sense a social club of men and women.
2. It would hold a house dinner every week.
3. In the season it would hold evening levees, etc.
4. It would give lectures, have papers and discussions.
5. It would receive American pictures for exhibition and for sale.
6. It would exhibit American literature, American music, American art-work of all kinds.
7. It would provide competent guides for London, etc.
8. There would be reading and writing rooms, audience and tea rooms, smoking-rooms, etc.
9. Some of the members—perhaps most—would be willing to invite the American visitors to their own houses, either for receptions or garden parties or dinners.
10. It would be a central place for all American visitors.

As regards the expense of such a club, it need not be very considerable. The house dinners and the conversaziones, etc., could be held in some rooms hired for the purpose. If 500 members came in at three guineas each, the rent, service, taxes, light, etc., would be met. If only 200 American visitors joined every year—at two guineas—there would be plenty of money.

Of course, the English members would be *invited* by the committee, and it would be sought to make them a really representative body of the best class in this country—the professional class.

The difficulty—the only difficulty in my mind—is that of finding a secretary. He must be a man of private means, because it is not contemplated to give him a salary; he must be a gentleman; he must be a man of great tact, sympathy, and resource; he must be pleasant and attractive in manners; and he must think about the club morning, noon, and night. Where are we to find this Phœnix? Yet without him the scheme is naught.

This, my dear Miss MacDougall, is a very rough scenario of this scheme. I have talked about it with two or three men who have the same views as to promoting friendship. They all agree with me. As yet I have taken no public step towards making the scheme practical. And you are quite welcome to make any part of this scheme public, provided you put it forward as an idea in the rough, to be wrangled over, put into shape, or, perhaps, dismissed.

I remain, dear Miss MacDougall,
Very sincerely yours,
Walter Besant.

THE LOSS OF THE "PRESIDENT."

In recording the actions of the war of 1812 that gave lustre to our navy and added to the records of its heroes, we have already included two in which the results were defeat and capture of American ships. I refer to the loss of the *Essex* and the *Chesapeake*, the latter being the only case in which the opposing forces approached an equality. There is one other action still to be touched upon, which, though disastrous, cannot but reflect honor upon those connected with it.

Stephen Decatur, the idol of the American service, had been given the command of the frigate *President*, which had been refitting in the harbor of New York.

On the evening of the 14th of January, 1815, he sailed into the lower bay, intending to make his way to sea under cover of the night, for it was known that a heavy squadron of the English had been hovering along the coasts of New Jersey and Long Island.

In leaving the harbor near Sandy Hook, owing to some mistake of the pilot, the *President* grounded heavily on a sand-bar, and for an hour and a half she struck continually in her efforts to escape, breaking several of her rudder braces and straining her seams so badly that she commenced to leak very fast. Decatur determined to return to the harbor, for he suspected, what was afterwards proven to be true, that the *President* had carried away part of her false keel, and was badly hogged (*i.e.*, broken and bent near her keelson). Owing to a strong wind rising, it was found impossible to put the *President* about, and the tide being at the flood, it became necessary to force her over the bar at all hazards. By ten o'clock that night she succeeded in freeing herself, and shaped her course along the shore of Long Island, steering southeast by east.

Shortly after daybreak three ships were discovered ahead. The *President* hauled her wind and passed two miles to the northward of them. As the morning mist disappeared, it was discovered that four ships were in chase—one on the quarter and two astern. The leading ship, from the height of her towering masts, was made out to be a razee. She commenced firing, but at such a distance that the shot fell short.

At twelve the steady breeze which had been blowing became light and baffling. The *President*, despite her crippled condition, had left the large vessel far behind, but the next ship astern was proving herself a faster sailer, and was gradually gaining and creeping up with every puff of wind. The *President* sat deep in the water, and plunged downward into the sea as if she had been waterlogged. Immediately all hands were occupied in lightening the ship, starting the water in the butts, cutting away the anchors, throwing overboard provisions, cables, spare boats, and every article to be gotten at, while the men aloft were hoisting buckets and keeping the sails wet from the royals down.

At three o'clock the large ship, which had been joined by a brig, came up rapidly. It was the *Endymion*, mounting fifty guns, and she commenced to fire as she neared with her forward battery, while Decatur replied with his stern chasers. Thus it continued for two hours, when the Englishman obtained a position on the starboard quarter at less than point-blank range, and maintained it so cleverly that neither the *President's* stern nor quarter guns would bear. For half an hour the vessels sailed on, firing occasional guns, and keeping back their broadsides, the Englishman wishing, no doubt, to capture the *President* without crippling her, while Decatur hoped to be able to close, as he had had his boarders waiting for some time. It became evident, however, that the Englishman did not wish close quarters, and as it was growing dusk, Decatur made up his mind to alter his course further to the south, for the purpose of bringing the enemy abeam. Meanwhile the ships astern were approaching, and would soon be within range. For two hours and a half longer the Englishman and the *President* sailed side by side, and the action gave cause for some pretty writing and press controversy afterwards, as all unfinished international contests will.

However, there is no question whatever that the *President* during this running fight completely disabled her antagonist, and at last left her drifting round and round helplessly, before eight o'clock had passed.

It was growing dark, but the other ships of the squadron could be made out by their signal-lights, and to lower a boat to take possession of the *Endymion* was impossible. One more attempt Decatur made to avoid capture, and to accomplish this he sailed close to the *Endymion*, and exposed himself to a raking fire, being within range for over half an hour, but not a shot was heard. The Englishman had been placed entirely out of the combat.

At eleven it had lightened considerably, and two fresh ships of the enemy had crawled up within gun-shot. They were the *Pomone* and the *Tenedos*, heavy frigates. When within musket-shot the *Pomone* opened fire on the

THE "PRESIDENT" SAT DEEP IN THE WATER, AND PLUNGED DOWNWARD INTO THE SEA.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

larboard bow, and the *Tenedos* swung across the *President's* wake, taking a raking position on her quarter.

With a breaking heart the gallant Decatur saw that there was nothing for it but surrender. One-fifth of his crew had been killed or wounded, the ship was crippled aloft and leaking badly, and he hauled down his flag.

The joy of the English officers, when they found who it was had yielded to them, was great, and it must be recorded that they did everything within their power to make it comfortable for the wounded, and that their treatment of the officers was courteous and kindly. For twenty-four hours after the action it fell a dead calm, and the crews of the squadron were kept occupied in repairing the crippled ships. As if to enforce the idea that the *Endymion* had not surrendered, Decatur was placed on board of her, a cabin prisoner.

On the 17th a tremendous gale came from the eastward, which played havoc with the late combatants, the *President's* masts going by the board, and the *Endymion* losing her bowsprit, fore and main mast, and mizzentopmast, being compelled to throw overboard all her upper-deck guns. It had been impossible for Decatur to ascertain the exact number of the killed and wounded, but he speaks of his great sorrow at the loss of three of his most trusted lieutenants—Babbit, Howell, and Hamilton, the last being the son of the late Secretary of the Navy. It was he who had the honor of conveying the news of the capture of the *Macedonian* to Washington, and who appeared, as we have recorded, at the ball given by Dolly Madison wrapped in the colors of the captured ship.

Decatur and his officers were given the freedom of the island of Bermuda, and crowds swarmed to visit the captured *President* as she lay decked with British flags in the harbor.

Captain Hays, of the *Majestic*, to whom Decatur had surrendered his sword, returned it at once, and proved to be a friend who was worth the gaining.

Upon the investigation of the action Decatur was honorably exonerated, and Alexander Murray, the President of the Court of Inquiry, expressed himself in the follow ing words:

"We consider the management of the *President* from the time the chase commenced until her surrender as the highest evidence of the experience, skill, and resources of her commander, and of the ability and seamanship of her officers and crew. We fear that we cannot express in a manner that will do justice to our feelings our admiration of the conduct of Commodore Decatur and of all under his command."...."In this unequal conflict the enemy gained a ship, but the victory was ours."

Referring to the press comments at the time, a very interesting circumstance occurred, which may prove to be well worth the reading, especially as showing that contemporaneous press notices taking only one view of a question are untrustworthy recorders of history. A Bermuda paper, the *Royal Gazette*, published on the 2d of April a scurrilous and unwarrantable attack, false in its every statement, that impugned the character of Decatur and cast a slur on the name of each one of his officers. The article, in giving the reports of the capture, stated that the *President struck* to the *Endymion*, and that after she had done so Commodore Decatur concealed sixty-eight men in the hold of the *President* for the purpose of rising on the prize crew and recapturing her. On the appearance of this account Captain Hope, of the *Endymion*, immediately sent an officer to Commodore Decatur, disclaiming any participation in the article, and the Governor of the island demanded of the editor of the *Royal Gazette* that he should immediately retract the statement. This the editor, much against his will, did, but inserted a foot-note in large print stating that the retraction was inserted "merely as an act of generosity and a palliative for the irritated feelings of prisoners of war." He asserted that what he had said at first was correct, and declared that the deception he had referred to was planned and authorized by Commodore Decatur. It is of interest to quote an extract from an official letter sent by the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Bermuda to the editor of the *Royal Gazette* upon the appearance of this second article. It proved that even then a newspaper in the hands of an unscrupulous man was merely the means of disseminating false impressions and erroneous statements.

The Governor's secretary writes for his chief, as follows:

"*The Editor of the Royal Gazette:*

"Your publication of Thursday imposes it upon his Excellency the Governor, as a duty to himself, to Captain Hope, and to the British nation, and in common justice to Commodore Decatur, who is not present to defend himself from the aspersions that you have cast upon him, not to admit of such a document standing uncontradicted in a paper published under the immediate authority of his Majesty's government. His Excellency is thoroughly aware of the great importance of preserving to the utmost extent perfect freedom of discussion and the fullest liberty of the press in every part of the British dominions. Undoubtedly, therefore, nothing could be further from his intentions than the most distant desire to compel a British editor to retract a statement founded on truth, but when a statement is founded on falsehood, his Excellency conceives it to be incumbent on him equally in duty to the British public and in support of the true character of the British press, to demand that that falsehood, whether directed against friend or foe, should be instantly retracted, or that the paper which thinks fit to disgrace its columns by persevering in error should no longer be distinguished by royal protection."

Some weeks later, in an issue of March 2d, the following extract attracts attention in a Bermuda journal:

"On Wednesday evening last Mr. Randolph, of the United States Navy, late of the *President* frigate, in company with some other officers of the ship, attacked the editor of the *Royal Gazette* in a most violent and unprovoked manner with a stick, while he was walking unarmed. The timely arrival of some British officers prevented his proceeding to further acts of violence, and the guard shortly after coming up, the officer decamped, and the next morning, we understand, he was hoisted into a boat at the crane from the Market Wharf and absconded. An honorable way, truly, for an officer to quit a place where he had been treated with civility and politeness."

However, it will not do to leave the subject without quoting from a letter which the Mr. Randolph referred to wrote over his own signature and sent to the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser*, after his return to New York, in which he observes, after reference to the Bermuda *Gazette*, and the affair of the stick, and the "acts of violence," as follows:

"As soon as I read the scurrilous remarks in the *Royal Gazette* of the fifteenth ult., in relation to the capture of the late U. S. frigate *President*, I walked to the King's Square with the determination to chastise the editor. I soon fell in with him, and executed my purpose in the most ample and satisfactory manner. There was no American officer in the company except Midshipman Emmett, and Mr. Ward, the editor, was accompanied by Lieutenant Sammon, of the Royal Navy, but by neither of these officers was I interrupted or assisted in the operation.

"Having previously obtained my passports, and being advised that the editor of the *Royal Gazette* was taking measures to employ the civil authority against me, I left the island the next day for the United States.

I am, Gentlemen, etc., etc.,
R. B. RANDOLPH, Midshipman,
Late of the U. S. frigate *President*."

Upon Decatur's return to the United States he was treated as a hero, and received the usual ovation given to victors when they return to their native land. The *President* was spoken of by her captors as a model of naval architecture, and her method of construction recommended to British ship-builders.

JAMES BARNES.

MACMONNIES' STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE.

It seems eminently fitting that of all the great literary men to be represented in the new Congressional Library in Washington, the statue of the greatest should stand quite by itself in the reading-room. The selection of the brilliant young American sculptor, Frederick Macmonnies, to execute the work is amply justified by the splendid results he has obtained in the heroic, full-length bronze he has modelled.

The task was no easy one. Satisfactorily to represent a genius of whom every one has his own ideal; adequately to portray a man who at his death left no trace of his personal self behind him, whose portraits are mere traditions, and whose history is only the incomplete record of vague memories—here indeed are difficulties appalling at the onset.

Quite undismayed, however, Mr. Macmonnies has succeeded where others might have failed ignominiously. He has utilized the bust of the poet on the monument in the church at Stratford, for, rude and coarse though it is, there is little doubt that it gives at least a general idea of the man, and he has looked at the "Chandos" portrait, a likeness that has the flavor of antiquity in its favor, so that the composition does not depart from the general idea which the world has accepted as standing for the poet. To this he has added characteristic touches of his own, while the final result may be seen in the engraving.

Splendidly poised, the figure of the master stands well on its feet in dignified attitude. Sturdily built, lithe of limb, easy and graceful, he has in one hand a book, while in the other he lightly holds a style. The quaint costume, the elaboration of formal garments of the days of good Queen Bess, the stiff ruff about the neck, are all faithfully rendered. Only ease and grace are apparent. Difficulties by no means simple to overcome have been positively turned to the sculptor's advantage. It is perhaps the most sober effort the man has yet made, and cannot fail to add to his reputation.

The key-note to any art-work of the highest order is simplicity, the suggestion of detail rather than painful elaboration. With a dress of rich embroideries, of elaborate stuffs, highly ornamented, it were easy to have dropped into a littleness of technique. However, no such suspicion of smallness arises; the modelling is firm and frank. The face is thoughtful, intellectual, distinguished; we feel the man stands before us a strong, living personality.

Mr. Macmonnies, whose range is wide, seems equally at his ease no matter what the subject. An enormous monumental group, the dainty suggestiveness of feminine grace and loveliness of a mythological goddess, the naïve delicacy of youth, as in his Pan, or the dashing elegance of a Sir Harry Vane, now in the new Public Library in Boston, all are evolved with apparent facility, each at the time having appealed to the sculptor with much force. His single figures are many, from the modest yet powerful statue of Nathan Hale, the patriot, standing in the City Hall Park in New York, clad in the modest garb of a Revolutionary soldier, or the portrait of James S. T. Stranahan, in uninspiring modern costume, in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, to the stirring apotheosis of "Victory" on the monument at West Point, which is full of splendid, impassioned energy and earnestness. With youth, enthusiasm, and strong artistic temperament, Mr. Macmonnies apparently may make his career what he chooses.

Arthur Hoeber.

THE FIRST AMERICAN AMBASSADOR IN BERLIN.

The last American whom I saw in Berlin on January 10th was General Runyon, looking strong and cheery; and now comes the news of his sudden death, almost in the wake of the steamer which brought me across the Atlantic.

He was a Yale graduate, and had spent more than fifty years at the bar and on the bench, arriving at the highest judicial post in the gift of his native State, New Jersey.

When General Runyon arrived at Berlin in 1893, as the first ambassador ever sent to Germany by the United States, there was much excitement in official circles and a vast amount of ill-concealed jealousy amongst the members of the diplomatic corps. In former days the envoy of our country had to be satisfied with the same honors accorded to the representatives from Roumania or Haiti or Costa Rica, or any of the many evasive states whose government is as uncertain as their geographical limits. Many a time has the minister of the United States been forced to sit in an anteroom crowded with black, brown, and yellow diplomatists, while the ambassador from Spain or Italy coolly walked in ahead of him, because, forsooth, the one was labelled ambassador and the other plain minister. In the eyes of the official world an ambassador from an insolvent monarchy counts for more than the minister from a republic like ours.

General Runyon had much to contend with as ambassador. His colleagues of France and England each had an official residence all in working order into which a newly arriving ambassador might walk at any moment and commence to transact business. The American ambassador had to hunt for a house where none is to be had, and finally had to satisfy himself with one floor of an apartment building. The Russian, French, Austrian, and English ambassadors have each a good residence devoted exclusively to the needs of the embassy. The United States transacts its business in offices which a first-class broker would reject as inadequate.

General Runyon quickly, however, earned the esteem of his colleagues and of the officials with whom he had business. They all soon discovered that they were dealing with a thoroughly trained legal mind. Only a few days before leaving Berlin the German Minister for Foreign Affairs, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, spoke to me most warmly of General Runyon, saying that he found particular satisfaction in having business to transact with him, that there was never need of repetition, that General Runyon always presented his case clearly, and that no misunderstanding ever arose. To be sure, Baron Marschall is not merely himself an eminent jurist, but besides that speaks English so well as to make it for him immaterial whether he transacts business in English or German.

General Runyon unfortunately never acquired any language save his own. He knew, of course, some French and German, but never enough to understand what was being said to him or to make a forcible reply. Nor was it to be expected that at his age he should be capable of rapidly absorbing a new language.

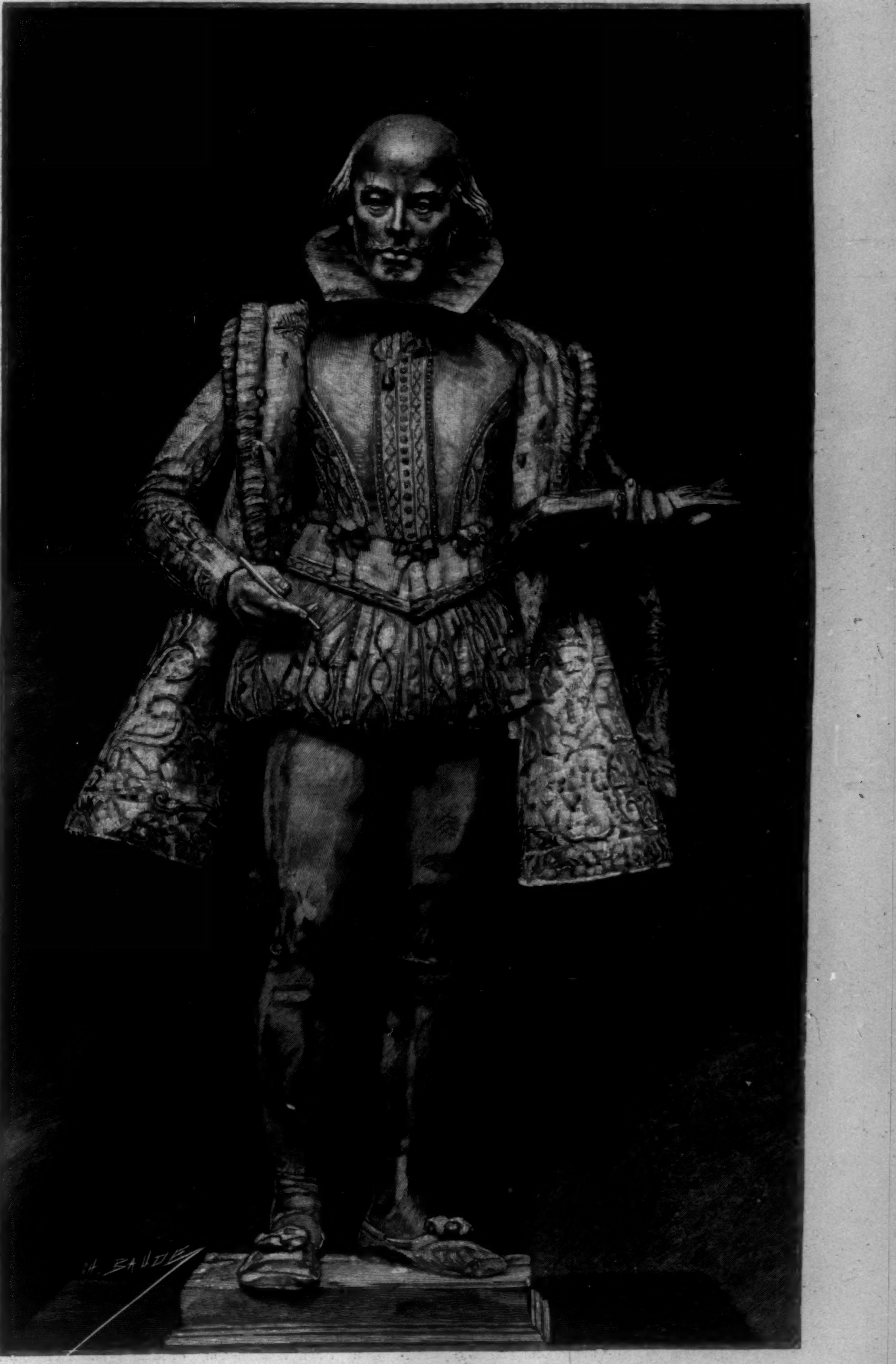
It is a pleasure for Americans to know that our secretary in Berlin, who now takes charge of the embassy *ad interim*, is not merely fully equal to the heavy responsibilities of the task, but is in Berlin regarded as the most accomplished diplomat at the German court.

General Runyon had a disposition which struck me as singularly free from jealousy. In the many talks I have enjoyed with him I can recall none that betrayed anything suggesting wounded vanity. Indeed, he might have been censured for thinking too little of his official prerogatives. At court functions it was difficult for the secretaries of the embassy to keep our ambassador in the position matching his rank, for the general's modesty inevitably made him gravitate to the outer edge of the social circle, where he could enjoy a quiet English chat with some acquaintance. It was much the same, by-the-way, with the great General Moltke. While minor military lights were pushing their way towards the centre of imperial favor on the ballroom floor, Moltke would be seen edging away slowly but persistently towards a retired window corner, there to have a quiet talk with some old friend.

When I arrived in Berlin, on December 22d of last year, with credentials from the State of New York, charged with a message to the Prussian Minister of the Interior, I had also a letter of endorsement from Mr. Olney, our Secretary of State in Washington. It was, however, such a letter as our ambassador might treat in several ways—with varying degrees of interest. He might have chosen to regard me as an interloper who came to disturb his plans, and perhaps he did. But never for one moment did he allow me to think so. During my fortnight in Berlin I had long interviews with nearly every member of the Prussian or German government, and equally long talks with General Runyon both before and after the interviews. He discussed every move with me, and showed as much interest in assisting me in the matter of our insurance companies as though I were his secretary acting for him. I can hardly imagine a situation in which he could more strikingly have exhibited the singular generosity of his disposition. Instead of limiting himself to the bare requirements of our State Department, he threw himself heart and soul into my mission as one who cared little as to which got the credit so long as our common country reaped the benefit.

It is fair to say that had General Runyon commanded a fluent knowledge of German, his name would have become in Berlin as familiar and as dear as those of George Bancroft, Bayard Taylor, Andrew D. White, and that class of public servants whom Germans delight to honor because they represent the strength of mind and the vigorous culture of our republic.

Poultney Bigelow.



SHAKESPEARE.

For the Reading-Room of the new Congressional Library.—Sculptor, Frederick William Macmonnies.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The late Mr. Matthew Arnold was always alive to the bearing of food upon civilization, and when he happened to be prying into odd corners of the earth he took notice of what he found to eat there. In one of his letters which have lately been published he stated that at Andover, in Massachusetts, the morning after a lecture, he took breakfast at eight o'clock with a party of professors and their wives, and had for breakfast "coffee, fruit, potatoes, fish-balls, hashed veal, mince pies, rolls, and butter." Andover has read the letter, and denounces Mr. Arnold's statement as "a slander more damaging to Andover professors than charges of theological unsoundness and intellectual dishonesty." It admits the coffee, fruit, and rolls, but passionately denies the pie. Oddly enough, it also denies the hashed veal and fishballs. Yet everybody except some few persons who have lived there knows that pie is a habitual ornament of the breakfast table in all parts of New England. The present writer cannot positively assert that he ever had pie for breakfast at Andover, but twenty-five years ago, when he lived in that village, pie was exceptionally prevalent, and it was the custom of the country to offer from two to five species of it to boarders at dinner. Mr. Arnold may have mistaken an unusually large buckwheat cake for a pie the morning he breakfasted in Andover, or he may have expected and desired pie, and come away with an erroneous impression that he had had it. Still, his statement is categorical and explicit, and no mere exclamatory general denial can avail to upset it.

To settle the question as to the artistic merit of the much-vexed Heine fountain, the Board of Park Commissioners of New York asked the opinion of the Sculpture Society, and were advised not to accept it. The board acted on that advice and politely declined the fountain. An appeal was then made by persons interested in the proposed monument to the Board of Aldermen, who passed a resolution authorizing the fountain to be placed "within the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards," which means somewhere on the Grand Concourse in the annexed district. The resolution has since been recalled for further consideration by the Board of Aldermen, and the final disposition of the fountain is still in doubt. It is a pity not to accept the decision of the Park Board, based on expert opinion, and let the Heine memorial go elsewhere. Baltimore wants it, and Baltimore is not a city where it would spout unseen. If the fountain is good enough for Baltimore, Baltimore—the Monument City—ought certainly to be good enough for the fountain. To attempt to force it upon New York against the judgment of the authorities who are best qualified to pass upon it is neither graceful nor judicious.

Another instance of the overruling of expert opinion in art matters in New York concerns the selection of a site for the soldiers' and sailors' monument. The Fine Arts Federation, a society of unrivalled capacity to choose a site, advised to place it at the foot of West Seventy-second Street, overlooking the Hudson River. The Monument Committee rejected this advice and chose the Plaza, where the monument will overlook nothing, but will itself be overlooked and hopelessly dwarfed by a row of cloud-capped hotels. No site in the city is too good for this monument, but some are unfit, and the Plaza, for local reasons, is one of them. For the sailors' sake, too, the monument should be in sight of salt water.

There is a good chance for some literary gentleman, with an imagination and a good faculty for making what never will happen read as though he remembered it, to put down his recollections of the memorable American Intervention that checked the great Cossack swoop. He will remember, when his mind begins to work on it, that when England and Russia finally came to blows, France sided at first with Russia, and Austria and Italy with England. He will remember how interested Russia got in the business, and how her troops swarmed over the Austrian frontier, and about the surprising successes that followed her arms. Indeed, he will have to remember—and it will be no small job—how the Muscovite hordes swept over central Europe (he can have all the Turks and the Japanese to help them if he likes), until it began to look as if modern European civilization would have to take to the boats. What England was doing all this time he will have to explain—exciting an Irish revolt if necessary, raising the Indians of India, and any one else that is convenient. And when the riot has come right down to the shore, and it has come to a final desperate stand between bull and bear, with crescents and green banners flying and every kind of eagle shrieking at once, the man in the corner of the orchestra can begin with a remote suggestion of "Yankee Doodle" in the soft strains of a piccolo, and the Intervention may presently be served hot with Tartar sauce. It would be a painfully sanguinary story, but what's blood when you shed it with a pen!

The new text-books out of which the school-children of New York State learn what the law commands to be taught to them about alcohol and tobacco contain many sweeping statements to which the average adult will hesitate to subscribe. One learns from Health for Little Folks that "a harmful drink called wine is made from grapes," and that "no one should drink wine, for there is alcohol in it." Also that "cider is not a safe drink because it contains alcohol," and that "no one should ever drink beer, for it is poisoned with alcohol," and "no drink that has alcohol in it is good for the stomach." Also that "no one who wishes to have a healthy stomach should use tobacco," and that "the breath of a person who uses tobacco always smells very bad." The Primer of Health avers that "tobacco so affects the brain of a person that it leads him to be deceitful and untruthful," and that cigarettes are made of the worst kind of tobacco, which is mixed with poisonous drugs like opium, arsenic, and saltpetre, and wrapped in papers steeped with deadly drugs.

It is obvious that a good deal of the information which the children get out of these books is liable to be qualified by personal observation in later life. Yet the objection to the new law that compels this sort of instruction is not so much that the teaching won't wash, as that there is so much too much of it. The law calls for four hours a week of teaching prejudicial to the use of alcohol and tobacco for ten weeks in every school year. It is given in every grade, and children must go through with it once a year as long as they continue in the public schools. The teachers say it is a waste of time to pay so much attention to such a study.

There is no doubt at all that alcohol and tobacco are bad for almost all children and a great many grown people, and there is much to be said in favor of teaching children the danger of meddling with them. The policy of such instruction has lately commended itself in France, where drink, and absinthe especially, is raising such conspicuous havoc that the Minister of Public Instruction has lately issued a circular to prefects of departments and heads of educational institutions, urging them to impress upon the young the irremediable mischief that alcohol, and especially absinthe, may do. The best place to teach children practical temperance is at home, but it is better they should be taught at school than not at all. But they should be taught judiciously, and out of books which are free from exaggeration, and are as nearly true as science and experience can make them. An attempt will be made to induce the present Legislature in New York to repeal the existing law which regulates this branch of instruction, and substitute for it a measure equally effectual and less open to well-founded objections.

Anatole France, who has been chosen to fill the place in the French Academy left vacant by Ferdinand de Lesseps, is best known to Americans as the author of *The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard*, which, as translated by Lafcadio Hearn and published by the Harpers, has been widely read in this country. At home M. France is of high reputation as a poet as well as a novelist. Among his more famous books are *Balthasar*, *Thaïs*, and *Jérôme Coignard*. For the last seven years he has published a novel every year. In *Le Lys Rouge*, published last year, he brings in Paul Verlaine under the name of Choulette. M. France is fifty-one years old, which is young for an Academician.

Matthew Arnold's remark in one of his letters that in his opinion Thackeray was not a great writer excites Mr. Andrew Lang to confess, in the new polyglot London magazine *Cosmopolis*, that though "on this side of idolatry" he had admired Arnold's poems and delighted in his prose as much as most of his juniors, if he had to make the choice he would not give up *Esmond* for all that Mr. Arnold ever wrote. And so would most lovers of English literature; and yet it ought not to be laid up against Mr. Arnold that he did not think Thackeray great. The particular sympathies that make Thackeray so incomparably welcome at some time in their lives to so many readers are more apt to be inborn than acquired, and perhaps they may not have been born in Matthew Arnold.

Mr. Brander Matthews's story *His Father's Son*, which came out as a serial in the WEEKLY, has earned the decided approval of the London *Times*. Contrasting it, very much to its advantage, with two recent instances of the cut-and-thrust school of fiction to which contemporary taste so much inclines, the *Times* finds its grip as intense and its interest as vivid as that of its companions of the more violently romantic school, and commends it as a faithful picture of New York life in certain aspects, which ought to be almost as widely read in England as in America. "No one who begins it," it adds, "is likely to be deterred from reading to the end, and then wishing heartily that there were more. One need hardly say of a book by Mr. Brander Matthews that it is well written. As for the expressions and forms of speech that strike an English reader as solecisms, they are no doubt good American, while in 'the tail end of a jag,' signifying, so far as we can gather, the after-effects of a debauch, Mr. Brander Matthews gives us a locution for which all students of slang will be grateful."

Mr. Lowell's *Last Poems*, as selected and published by Professor Norton, seem not to give the British critics unmixed satisfaction. The *Times* has doubts whether it was quite just to Mr. Lowell's fame to print them as they were left, since "in some imaginations, and Mr. Lowell's was one of them, expression does not attain its final simple form until it has been shaped and reshaped, and one superfluous detail after another has been cast off. With his productions, in particular, the last state was incomparably better than the first." Yet the *Times* finds them interesting, and quotes freely from them.

The *Athenæum* inclines to think that Mr. Norton would have done better not to let the poems out; but it is not greatly concerned, for, because of Lowell's "radically prosaic attitude of mind and his radically prosaic construction of verse," it not only declines to assign him "any place among the conspicuous poets of his time," but declares, "That he should ever have seemed to the American critic or American public a poet of national importance is perhaps the severest criticism on itself that the American nation has ever made."

The Emperor William celebrated his birthday by arousing several regiments from their beds to answer night alarms. It is not narrated that the faithful soldiers wished the war-lord many happy returns of the day.

At a time when to moderate-minded citizens of pacific inclinations there seems to be a considerable surplus of American Jingoes, it is still reasonable to wish that every American who can read might be Jingo enough to pay attention to what Mr. T. R. Lounsbury has to say in the January number of HARPER'S MONTHLY about the needs of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Opinions differ as to whether Uncle Sam needs a big navy or not, but he certainly does need naval officers, and the best he can get. He can afford to have them, and can afford to educate them in the best manner possible for his use and against the time of his need. Mr. Lounsbury's demonstration of the need of raising the standard of admission at the Naval Academy, and of making reasonably liberal provision for the accomplishment of the work sought to be done there, is so easily understood as to make it matter of surprise that changes and improvements so obviously necessary should have been so long and so deliberately neglected. E. S. MARTIN.

CHICAGO.

THE Public Works Department of Chicago has just got fairly started upon the construction of a tunnel, in connection with the water-supply of the city, that is noteworthy even in this day of gigantic engineering enterprises. A Y-shaped system over ten miles in length is planned, a hundred feet belowground, extending in the one direction to a point under Lake Michigan some four miles from shore, while the two branches of the Y are to terminate at points several miles inland. The bore of this tunnel will be ten feet for the trunk, and eight for each of the branches. The estimated capacity will be about 120,000,000 gallons. Pumping stations, with a capacity of 60,000,000 gallons each *per diem*, will be placed at the end of each branch. Two or three years will be required for the completion of the work, and the cost is estimated at less than a million dollars. The difficulties in the way of the work are many. Already a bad quicksand has been encountered and conquered in one of the sections, and a thick ledge of rock in another. If Chicago, in some future age, should become a buried city, to be unearthed by the scientific excavator, its subterranean system of tunnels and conduits and foundations will prove no less interesting to the archæologist than the evidences of human activity aboveground, and will make our investigations, say, of the Palatine Hill, seem insignificant in comparison.

The meeting of the Chicago Board of Education held week before last was one of the most exciting in its history. A special committee on retrenchment had sought to reduce school expenses in various ways, and its report, made a month before, had been adopted without much consideration. A closer examination of this report revealed the fact that its provisions bore very hard upon the high-schools, and a number of those who voted in its favor wished to reconsider their action. To state the matter roughly, the total salary list was to be reduced a little over one per cent., but this reduction was made to fall upon about one-tenth of the employés, making it a severe one as far as those affected were concerned. The majority of the sufferers were teachers in the high-schools, and it was generally felt that the reduction as planned would work great hardship in many individual cases, besides having a disastrous lasting effect upon the high-school system. In Chicago this system is unusually well developed, and is important not only for the reasons that make all high-schools important, but also because most of the teachers in the lower grades of the schools get their training from instruction in the high-schools. When discussion of the matter had made these facts clear, it became evident that public opinion was strongly opposed to the contemplated reduction of salaries, and the board held a special meeting to reconsider its previous action. The question was hotly debated for nearly four hours, and the result was a restoration of the salaries to the old scale. A concession in another matter having been made to the opposition, only three votes out of eighteen were recorded against this restoration.

The Common Council of this city, having disposed of all the franchises in sight, fell into a freakish mood the other day and passed an ordinance restricting to six the number of dogs to be owned by any one family. Some city father had been kept awake at night by the barking of sundry canines, and took this method of airing his grievance. An abortive attempt was made to bring cats within the scope of the ordinance. Another ordinance introduced proposed a city tax of ten per cent. upon the gross receipts of theatres and other places of amusement. This, of course, is easily interpreted as a protest against the scarcity of free passes, and will doubtless prove effective. But it is a sad commentary upon municipal government that it should lend itself to such farcical proceedings.

The appearance of Mlle. Yvette Guilbert in Chicago was heralded by one of the newspapers in a strikingly novel manner. "Assume a virtue if you have it not" is a maxim often productive of results in journalism, as viewed from the counting-room stand-point. So the journal in question had a severe spasm of virtue (for revenue only) when it learned that the naughty Parisian singer was expected in the city, and announced that it would print the names of all the people who were wicked enough to go to her concerts. When the time came the names were not printed, to be sure, but just as many people bought the paper to look for them, and the concerts were rather more fully attended than they would otherwise have been. So the result of this piece of "enterprise" was satisfactory to all parties concerned. W. M. P.

BOSTON.

THE Boston Art Club's recent exhibition of pictures failed to gather together a representative collection of the works of American artists, although five thousand dollars, divided into three prizes, were offered for the best three pictures.

On the other hand, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts has recently had a very successful show of American pictures brought together by a prize of the same amount. A correspondent of *The Truth in Boston*, in commenting upon the failure of the artists to compete for the Boston prizes, says that the New England capital "has been a cruel mother to her offspring and to American art in general. She starves artists within her gates, and drives them forth to seek a living in other cities. Boston buys no American pictures, least of all those from Boston"; and that the "spasmodic offer of $5000 was not expected, and was unknown to many artists"; that "now and then artists show pictures in Boston, often at expense to themselves, because they value her taste and hope for her help, but that up to date she has given them not bread, but a stone."

In art as well as in prophecy one must look out for a foreign market.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* thinks that "Poet Lariat" Austin's "Jameson's Ride" is "somewhat in kind and not at all inferior to Browning's 'How We brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix,' and that to condemn the work of Browning shows "courage, if not heresy even, in this community."

The "night-lunch" wagon is to be banished from Boston's streets, and the friendly red lights, gleaming like

"eyes that have been out all night," will be extinguished.

The town goes to bed, according to the statute, at eleven o'clock, and belated revellers who have lost all fear of the midnight hour and of the yawn of the graveyard have been often cheered by the hospitable lunch-wagon; but it seems that the Board of Aldermen has no right to grant permission to any one to sell coffee and bolognas on any portion of a public street.

Mayor Quincy has requested six of the leading trade organizations of Boston to send representatives to a committee, with which he will consult upon large financial questions, and upon everything which pertains to the commercial and business interests of the city. This committee is now complete, and it is made up of men who should compose the Boards of Aldermen of our cities, but who seldom are found in them.

If such men will serve upon an advisory business committee, it is interesting to inquire why their like will not enter our city councils as the representatives of the people. Perhaps our American custom of ridiculing the city fathers has made the office appear ludicrous. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The glory of Chinatown is on the wane. Large areas of the once crowded quarter, in which arrests of Chinese lodging-house-keepers for violating the cubic-air ordinance were at one time frequent, are now but thinly populated, and in the most populous locality rents are fifty per cent. lower than they were in 1888. The Chinese like to live huddled in alleys. Wide thoroughfares and streets open to the sun and the eye of the tourist and the hoodlum are obnoxious to them, and they are deserting the bazar-lined stretches of Dupont and Commercial streets and congregating in the packed lodging-houses of the narrow, dark alleys which connect the wider arteries of traffic. The population of the quarter, that authorities now say has always been overestimated, and was never more than 25,000, has diminished since 1888 to 15,000. That this number is steadily decreasing is proved by the numbers of Chinese that leave by every steamer, at least one-half of them never intending to return. The *China* on her last outward voyage carried 700 Chinese, more than 500 of whom are not coming back. The glory of the New-Year Festival is also rapidly departing. The hoodlum element invaded the quarter on the days of the great feast, and were so aggressive in their demonstrations of disfavor and ridicule that the Chinese were forced to celebrate their festival behind closed doors and shutters. Where the streets were once brilliant with illuminated shops and bazars, and crowded with the Mongolians in the full magnificence of gala array, they are now lined by darkly shuttered windows, above which lines of lanterns swing in the breeze, and full of staring tourists and local Caucasians.

A new artistic organization, the Guild of Arts and Crafts, gave recently its opening exhibition, illustrative of printing and its related arts. This association, which has been in process of formation for over a year, promises to be the most important of its kind ever made on the coast. Its members include many of the men prominent in the various arts and crafts, especially architecture and black-and-white illustration. Its tendency is more modern, and shows more the influence of Eastern ideas than that of any association of the kind ever formed here. The exhibition included a large collection of French posters, containing many of Cheret and Gerbault, some attractive ones of Yvette Guilbert, and Bernhardt in *Gismonda*. Two of the morning papers contributed originals of drawings used by them, which were of peculiar interest from the fact that the San Francisco dailies boast that their illustrations are cleverer and more artistic than those of any other daily papers in the country. *The Overland Monthly*, famous as the periodical that gave "The Luck of Roaring Camp" to the world, had a good exhibit of covers and illustrations; and *The Lark*, the latest expression of California *fin-de-siècleism*, a unique little production, which has received commendatory notices from Boston and Chicago, had a brave array of strikingly original covers representing a lark in various stages of a more or less ecstatic evolution.

The extraordinary case of the Peralta-Reavis land grant has been revived again. Its recrudescence is due to the announcement from Washington that the government intends to prosecute a large number of Californians who became witnesses in support of Reavis's claims. The story of this gigantic fraud is one of the most remarkable in fiction or history. More than a quarter of a century ago James Addison Reavis was a clerk in a country store in Missouri. In the course of subsequent wanderings he met on a train between Sacramento and San Francisco a young Spanish girl, calling herself Señorita Peralta de la Cordoba, and claiming descent from Miguel Peralta, Baron of Arizona, Knight of the Colorados, etc., etc. Reavis married the descendant of Miguel Peralta, and in the course of time appeared with her as claimant of 13,000,000 acres of land in Arizona and New Mexico, granted to Miguel Peralta by the Viceroy of New Spain in 1748. This enormous claim comprised a tract of the finest land in New Mexico and Arizona. Upon it nearly 40,000 families dwelt, and many flourishing towns were situated. It is threaded by railways, and, besides good pasture-lands, is rich in gold, silver, and copper ores. It is roughly valued at $75,000,000, and its ownership would have made James Peralta-Reavis the richest man in the world. For twenty-five years Reavis and his wife have fought their claim. Though the man was but a car-conductor when the litigation began, it is estimated that he spent $500,000 in pushing it. Many rich and influential people assisted him, and among the lawyers who believed in the validity of his claim and were employed by him were Roscoe Conkling and Colonel Ingersoll. The forgeries he perpetrated showed extraordinary shrewdness and dexterity. In journeys made to Spain and Mexico he introduced fraudulent parchments into the archives of these countries. Oddly enough, it was an error of date made in an important document, and arising from his ignorance of Spanish history, which first aroused the suspicions of counsel for the government.

G. B.

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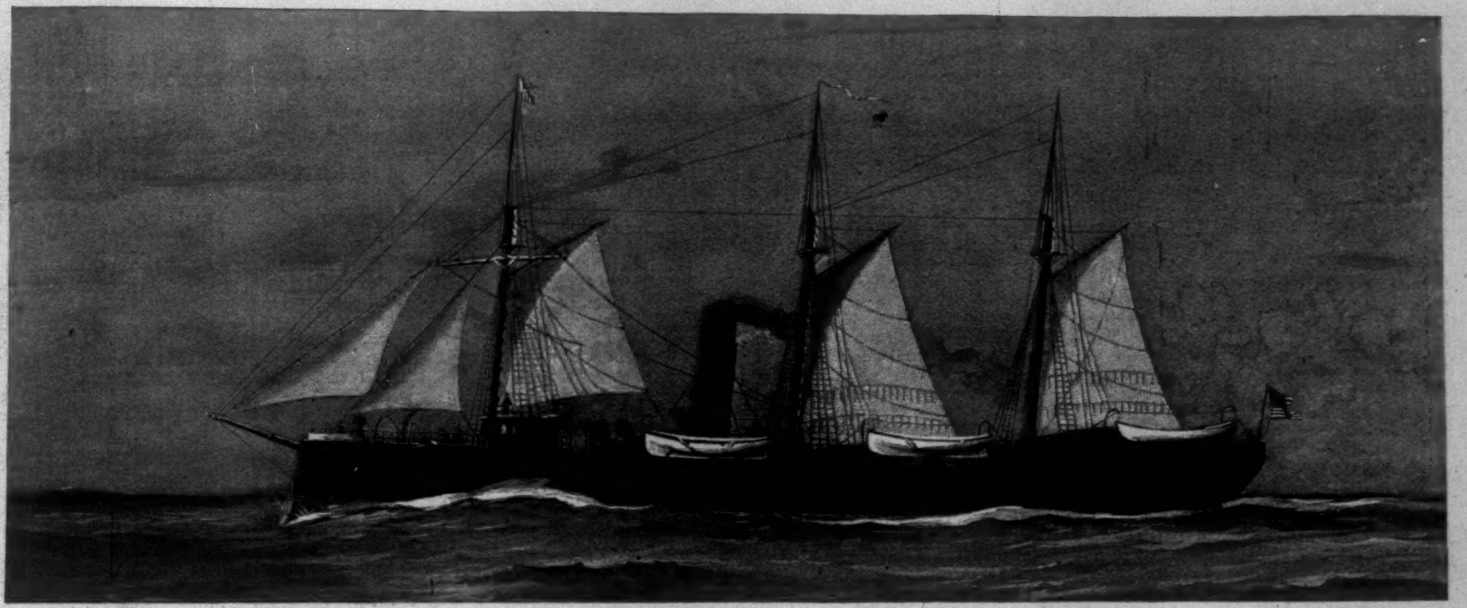

UNITED STATES REVENUE-CUTTER NO. 3, FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.—Drawn by R. G. Skerrett.—[See Page 142.]

AMATEUR · SPORT

Mr. Whitney is making an extended tour through the United States, during the course of which he will visit the important centres of amateur sport. The results of his investigations will from time to time be sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY. *Special articles on matters interesting to sportsmen will meanwhile be published in this Department.*

GAME LAWS AND GAME OF AMERICA.

PART II.

BY STODDARD GOODHUE.

THE basal principle that underlies all game laws is the assumption that all wild game, living or dead, belongs to the State it inhabits or inhabited. This principle has been tested and its validity sustained in the courts (in Minnesota, for example), and it is no longer open to question. The law-makers of any State are at liberty, therefore, to specify as to what may or may not be done with the game of that State. The restrictions which they have chosen to impose in the interests of the game are everywhere much the same in principle, though differing a good deal as to details.

These restrictions pertain to:

1. The seasons when game may be taken.
2. The methods by which game may be taken.
3. The amount of game that may be taken in a day or season by one person.
4. The disposal of game after it is taken.

We may best consider the excellences and defects of our various game laws, and the ideal conditions that are to be aimed at, by taking up seriatim the conditions connoted under these headings.

1. As to seasons when game is protected. Since game is nowhere too abundant, it is a truism to say that close seasons should be long enough to insure game such protection as will enable it to hold its own or to increase. But in practice this principle is seldom applied until game becomes very scarce. Indeed, up to the present time there is not a single State that applies it to all species of game. There is perhaps no single respect in which our laws are more generally defective than regarding this matter of close seasons. The principle that game should be protected during the mating and breeding seasons, and while the young are callow, is violated, as regards some species, by practically every State.

The mistake most generally made in this connection is the permittance of spring shooting of migratory birds. This implies shooting water-fowl and shore birds after many of them have mated and while they are *en route* to their breeding-grounds, a procedure that is utterly reprehensible, notwithstanding it is almost everywhere legalized, and is practised by many otherwise reputable sportsmen. To go to the breeding-haunts of the game and destroy its eggs would be almost as rational. The ideal game law for which we are searching will absolutely prohibit spring shooting of game of all kinds. The nearest present approach to this standard is made in Wisconsin, where a law that will prohibit spring shooting is on the statute-books, but is not to be enforced until the neighboring States enact similar laws. It is to be hoped that other States will soon see the wisdom of enacting similar laws, minus the waiting clause. Just why Wisconsin should think it desirable to wait for other States before enforcing its law, after being wise enough to enact it, is not apparent. But credit should be given for even so tentative an effort in the right direction.

Another common error of our legislators is the permittance of summer shooting of woodcock and "prairie-plover" (*Bartramian tatler*). This is reprehensible, not only because the birds in question are immature at that season, but also because this clause of the law gives the pot-hunter an opportunity to take his gun afield at a season when young game of every kind is at his mercy. Many a callow grouse falls before the gun of the man who is ostensibly hunting woodcock or "plover." And, changing the point of view, many a bird that wore a short bill when alive figures on the menu of the city restaurant as "woodcock" during the season when other birds are given protection.

The moral is plain. Summer shooting, like spring shooting, should be everywhere prohibited. The fall and early winter are the seasons for legitimate hunting. Several States now prohibit summer shooting. The others should fall in line. It would be well also to follow an excellent example that one or two States have set, by specifically prohibiting the training of dogs on game out of season, for this custom also, as I can personally testify from observation in the past, results in the destruction of much game by gunners who have taken along their guns "merely to teach the dog not to be gun shy." Let no one have an excuse for being abroad with a gun during the close season.

What has just been said as to the destruction of grouse, while woodcock are ostensibly the birds pursued, suggests the urgent desirability of having close seasons as nearly uniform as practicable for all kinds of game of similar habitat. Indeed, I am confident that in most States a single close season might advantageously be prescribed for every species of feathered game, as has been done in the tentative Wisconsin law already referred to. The proposed season in Wisconsin is the fairly acceptable one of September 1st (15th would be much better) to December 1st; but of course the exact dates would vary with different latitudes.

Not only should close seasons be as nearly uniform as practicable for different kinds of game, but the same close seasons should be made to apply to the widest practicable territories. Except under very unusual conditions (as where there is a circumscribed mountainous area, like the Adirondacks, for example), the recognition of arbitrary bounds of such small territories as counties is utterly to be deprecated. Such a law as that of Mississippi, which allows local authorities to prescribe game laws for their respective counties, is absurd, and, for the game, most disastrous. The tendency should be rather in the other direction, the harmonizing of the game laws of adjoining States. State lines, like county lines, being largely artificial, it ought to go without saying that the interests of the game will be conserved if States having similar climatic conditions adopt similar protective laws.

In addition to prescribing regular close seasons, the ideal game law must provide for certain emergencies that cannot be foreseen accurately—in particular affording the game protection under adverse climatic conditions. While snow is on the ground, for example, game is at a great disadvantage, and, as a rule, should not be hunted. The Delaware law, which prohibits taking of any game when the ground is covered with snow, sets an excellent example in this regard.

It would be well also to make provision against the exigencies due to unusual floods at the breeding season, or protracted droughts later on. The former kill the young birds, the latter retard their growth. The drought of the past summer, for example, has been extremely disastrous to the game of our west-central States. It would be a wise and conservative provision, under such conditions, if the Governor of a State were empowered to lengthen the close season for any particular species in a given year by proclamation, at the request of the game commissioners. This may seem an extreme measure, but our game affairs are at a crisis where extreme measures are justifiable.

2. In their regulation of the methods of hunting, our laws, as a whole, are rather more satisfactory than in their prescribing of close seasons. The main provisions, all highly commendable, are against trapping and snaring game of any kind at any time; against the use of swivel-guns or any other fire-arm not held to the shoulder in the usual way; against night shooting; and against the hounding of deer. These provisions—all of which must be in our ideal game law—are called to the attention of sportsmen living in States where any of them have been overlooked; in New York, for example, where, strange to say, the hounding of deer is still permitted during one month of each year.

3. A clause regulating the amount of game that may be killed in a day or in a season by any one person should be included in the game laws of every State where game is still sufficiently abundant to make such a clause of any significance. Several States now have such a law. In others, the principle at issue is aimed at, and most grotesquely missed, by making the restriction apply only to such species of game as have ceased to be abundant. In Iowa, for example, one may not legally kill more than twenty-five ruffed grouse in a day. In point of fact, he could seldom see that number in a day, let alone kill them, law or no law. But there is no restriction as to the number of wild-fowl that may be killed in a day, though wild-fowl are still sufficiently abundant to be slaughtered wantonly. Such discrimination is absurd on its face. The kind of game to protect is that which exists, not that which is imagined. Minnesota, where wild-fowl are even more abundant than in Iowa, wisely makes no discrimination against them, but prohibits the killing of more than twenty-five birds of any kind in a day. It is desirable that every State should similarly fix the limit of a justifiable bag, as a guide to the sportsman and a menace to the market hunter.

4. As regards the disposal of game, two important questions arise. The first of these questions is, Shall any person be allowed to transport game that he has killed legally? The answer involves differences of opinion. My own judgment is that in the present status of inter-State relations our ideal game law must absolutely prohibit the exportation of game beyond State lines. Later on this might be modified, but at present I see no safe alternative to this rather unpleasant prohibition. Within State bounds it is safe to permit transportation of limited quantities of game under rigid restrictions. In regard to this, the Iowa and Dakota laws are perhaps the best. These allow a sportsman to ship not to exceed twelve head of game a day within the State by certifying under oath that it is not for sale, and giving the name and address of the person for whom it is intended.

Most States where game is still to be found have laws absolutely prohibitive of exportation of game. Yet tons of game from these same States find their way to Eastern markets. There is but one way in which this deplorable evasion of the law can be prevented, and that is by securing the co-operation of the officers of railway and express companies. This has been done with most gratifying results in Minnesota, as I am informed by Mr. Andrus of the game commission. This is a practical point of which not even ideal game laws can take cognizance, but regarding which individual sportsmen and game commissioners can move with most telling effect. I trust the suggestion will not be overlooked by the game lovers of those States whose hunters at present supply our Eastern markets with game in defiance of exportation laws.

The other moot question regarding the disposal of game is, Shall a person who has secured game legally be allowed to sell that game? This question has long been before the minds of our law-makers, and has stimulated them to some curious efforts. All transportation laws are in effect tentative blows at market hunting. A few States come out boldly with laws forbidding the sale of any game killed within their bounds (Illinois), or explicitly prohibiting "killing for traffic" (Iowa). But while many States seem thus solicitous in some degree about market hunting as applied to their own game, most States are quite regardless as to what is done with game from beyond their bounds. Minnesota is an honorable exception. Its laws prohibit transportation of game shipped illegally from any other State. If other States, particularly those in which the principal game markets are located, would follow this excellent example, the result would be (were the laws enforced) to practically do away with market hunting and close the game markets.

But manifestly there is a much more direct and effectual way to accomplish this result, namely, by prohibiting the sale of game of any kind at any time. Many sportsmen feel that this should be done. A leading sporting journal has adopted "Prohibit the sale of game" as its "platform." It is a platform on which every amateur sportsman should gladly stand. A law prohibiting the sale of game introduces no new principle. It would merely be a means by which one State can aid another in the enforcement of those exportation laws which most States already have, but which are everywhere to some extent evaded. It is plain that we should add to our ideal game law a clause prohibiting the sale of game.

At first thought it might appear that our ideal game law is now complete. It establishes proper close seasons, regulates methods of hunting, defines wanton killing, restricts transportation, and prohibits exportation and sale of game wherever killed. But with all these capital provisions it still lacks a most important chapter. Indeed, left at this stage, our alleged ideal law is little more than an ornament of the statute-books. It will be but a sorry excuse for a law so long as it contains no clause looking specifically to the enforcement of the restrictive measures it has imposed.

Game laws do not enforce themselves. It is with extreme difficulty that they can be enforced. The average citizen does not regard the killing of wild game as a mis-

demeanor, and he will not complain against his neighbor should the latter violate the game laws. There must be special authorities appointed to enforce the game laws, or the game laws will not be enforced. Failure to recognize this patent fact has been the greatest shortcoming of our legislators in the past in their efforts at game-protection.

But at last the law-makers of some of our States have seen the light. The doctrine of State ownership of game has been officially promulgated and sustained in the courts, and State officials have been appointed to protect this property. This movement marks the beginning of what I confidently believe will be a new era in the history of our game. Without this specific provision game laws everywhere are dead letters, as has been abundantly demonstrated. With this provision our game laws promise to protect our game, and open up a new and brighter chapter in the history of the furred and feathered creatures that have been so nearly exterminated in our land.

The officials in whom this duty of game-protection is vested in the States that have taken this wise step are usually termed fish and game commissioners. Some States, like Iowa, have a single commissioner. Others, as New York and Minnesota, have boards of commissioners. The latter is no doubt the better method, if supplemented by the appointment of a special officer (called Chief Game-Protector in New York) to give special attention, under direction of the board, to the enforcement of the game laws.

But even this is only a beginning. There must, in addition, be subordinate game-protectors, as in New York, or local game wardens, as in Minnesota, in sufficient number to patrol the entire State. These having been secured, their powers and duties definitely prescribed by law, the game is at last afforded some real protection.

Every sportsman residing in a State where such a law as this has not yet been put in operation should use his best efforts to have such laws enacted. All other provisions of the game laws are puerile compared with this. The sportsman who is contented and satisfied with the game laws of his State while they contain no specific enacting clause is guilty of a piece of unwisdom exactly comparable to the head-hiding of the traditional ostrich. The actual ostrich, by-the-bye, is not guilty of any such folly.

Let me say again, in closing, that this is the one vitally important part of the entire subject of game-protection. Of what avail are ideal statutes if they are not enforced? "Prohibit the sale of game" is a good platform, but *Enforce the game laws as a whole* is a better. No one of our States has ideal game laws, but most of them have fairly good ones as to general provisions—laws that if enforced would give the game a good measure of protection. But it avails nothing to have a book full of laws if the laws are never heard of outside the book. In many of our States whose game laws read fairly well an arrest and conviction for violating the game laws is an unheard-of thing. The small boy plies his deadly catapult and robs multitudes of nests at pleasure. The market hunter sets his traps and snares with impudence born of well-recognized impunity. The alleged sportsman slaughters the August grouse with scarcely an effort at concealment. Car-loads of game are shipped from States whose laws absolutely forbid the exportation of any game whatever. And at the other end of the route, in the city restaurant, the choicer kinds of game are perennial features of the menu, changing their names but not their substance from season to season.

These are the reasons why the game has disappeared and is disappearing from our land.

But, as I have said, a new and better era is at hand—the era of the official game-protector. In States where game commissioners, with subordinate wardens or protectors, have been appointed, the game laws, even though otherwise unchanged in letter, have taken on a new meaning. Arrests and convictions for offences against the game laws in these States are the hopeful signs that tell of the coming of the era of real game-protection.

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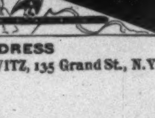
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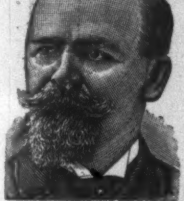

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